

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

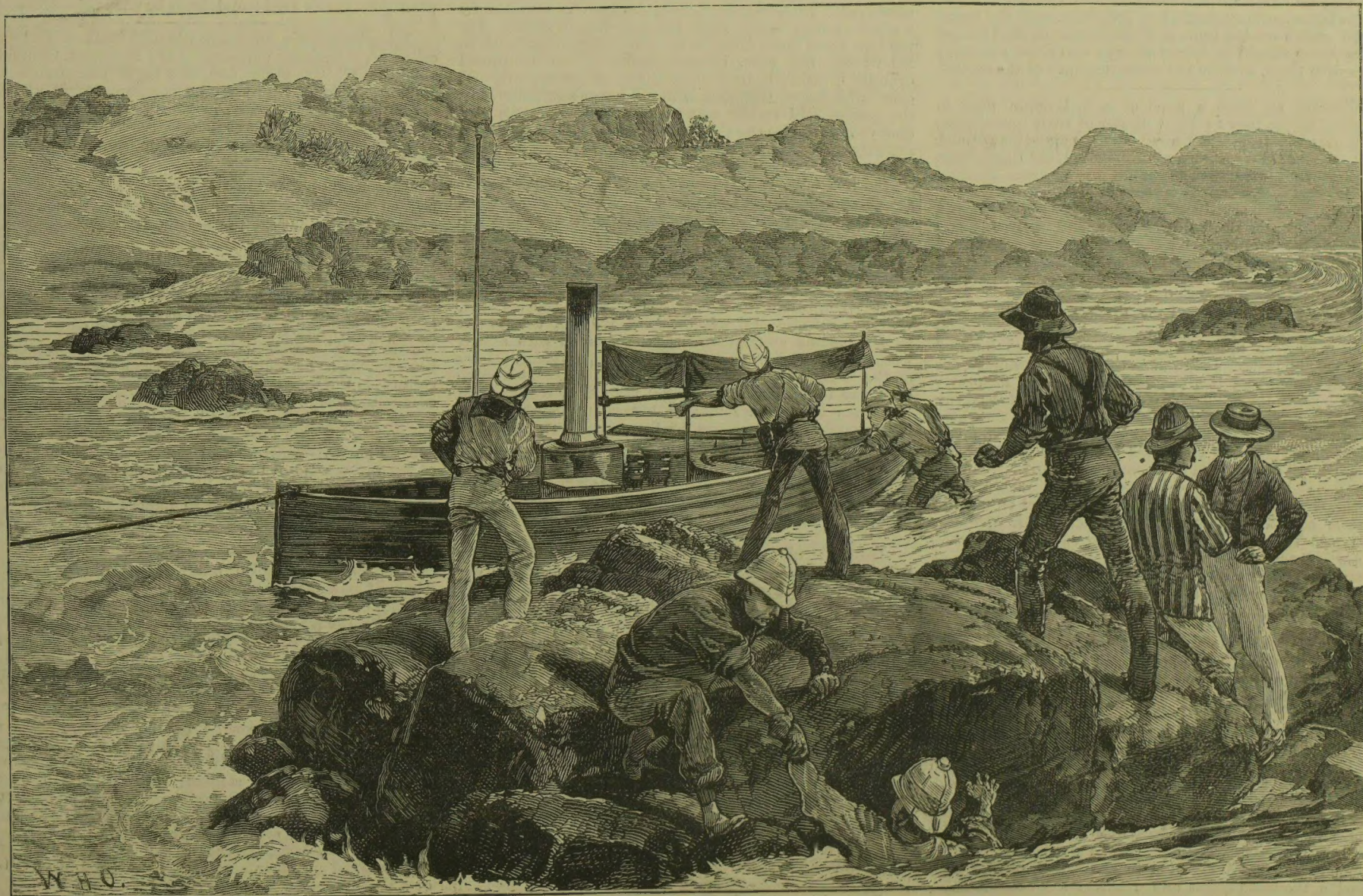
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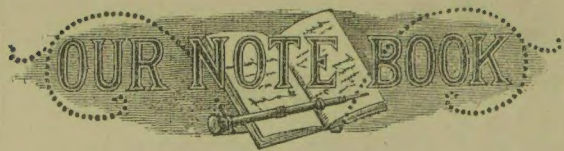
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1884.

TWO WHOLE SHEETS SIXPENCE.
AND TINTED PORTRAIT By Post, 6d.

THE NILE EXPEDITION: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



OUR ARTIST CAME TO GRIEF AT THE SECOND CATARACT.



Mr. Ruskin has the privileges of a man of genius, and uses them. In the lecture last Saturday, at Oxford, on "Protestantism," he was led, by one of those "winding bouts" familiar to his hearers, to speak of the folly of the Government in building ironclads. No doubt these monsters of the deep are hideous, while the wooden vessels in which Howe and Nelson fought were things of beauty as well as strength. It may be true, too, as he asserts, that no ironclad can stand the buffeting of the waves like the old three-decker; but what then? Would Mr. Ruskin seriously advise us to trust our fortunes to wooden walls, while every Naval Power in Europe is constructing ironclads? It would be impertinent to suppose that so dear a lover of England was chiefly thinking, when he spoke thus, of the interests of art: but we can readily accept his assertion that there was once no finer art than shipbuilding. It is a curious fact, and one worth pondering perhaps, that almost every advance of late years made in mechanical science, and in what is understood by civilisation, has been in the direction of ugliness.

It is delightful, just once in a way, to catch Professor Ruskin tripping; and, enthusiast though he be, it is rarely that he gives anyone the chance. But in discussing the loss at sea of those famous vessels the London, the Captain, and the Eurydice, he infers that they were all built of iron, "just in order that the ironmongers might get their commissions." The Eurydice, which succumbed to a gale, was a wooden ship—an uncommonly pretty one, too, when fully rigged. Practical sailors were quite aware of her weak points, but she was, to all intents and purposes, one of our "wooden walls." It may just be mentioned also that the London was *not* a Government vessel.

Professor Ruskin is liberal, for on Saturday he gave two presents to the University of Oxford, which it is to be hoped will be appreciated as he thinks they deserve. To the masculine students he presented a water-colour drawing by Turner, measuring 15 in. by 20 in., which had just cost him fifty guineas; and to the girls of Somerville Hall he gave a copy, made with his own hand, of the head of St. Ursula, from Carpaccio's famous "Dream," familiar to all who have seen the art treasures of Venice. It took him a whole day to copy accurately a "single spray of silver hair," and "twelve times over" did he draw the mouth. This was something like painstaking; and if his hearers only learn that lesson, he will not have lectured on "The pleasures of truth" in vain.

Mr. Holman Hunt must be a man of indomitable pluck, for after patiently painting for years at his great picture of "The Flight into Egypt," he gave it up on account of the faulty nature of the canvas, and in January, 1883, began it all over again on a fresh one. This second picture is now on the point of being finished, and will probably be exhibited in London before Christmas. The peccant canvas was procured in Palestine, and the moral of the artist's wasted years and lost labour is, that he and his confrères should in future always carry the necessary *toiles* with them, even to the uttermost ends of the earth.

Whether we have a good or a bad apple year in England seems now to be a matter of little importance, for the supply from the United States makes this popular fruit far more plentiful than in the good old times when Englishmen prided themselves on the produce of their gardens and orchards. It is computed that over 152,640 barrels of rosy-cheeked apples have been already shipped this autumn from Boston, New York, and Montreal; and the cry is still they come, for the crisp, toothsome, quince-flavoured Newtown pippins are seldom exported to reach us before December.

A new anæsthetic has been discovered, with a very long name—hydro-chlorate of cocaine—and it is peculiarly suited for use on the more delicate surfaces or internal tissues of the body. It was first used on the human eye early in September; but Viennese doctors have for nearly a year been in the habit of brushing the throat and larynx over with it before attempting any operation on those parts. The ordinary mind wonders whether this latest "pain-killer" can be connected with the "grateful and comforting" beverage of our breakfast-tables.

Mr. Gosse delivered himself of a good deal of wit and wisdom on Monday night at the College for Working Men and Women. We may not agree with him that poetry is "not for the vulgar herd," and may be heretical enough to believe that it has a subtle charm for all; but we can at least concede that the marks of buttery thumbs and knives ought not to be allowed to deface choice volumes. It would have been kind of Mr. Gosse to have told his audience the name of the "great" poet, who, when he changed his residence, hired a costermonger's cart, lined it with Oriental rugs, placed his beloved books reverently therein, and drove solemnly to and fro with his precious freight. Surely it could not have been the high priest of the sunflower, or the poetical paper-hanger.

Man cannot triumph over Nature's decree, and when it is her will that plants, birds, or beasts should vanish from any particular tract of country, artificial replacement rarely succeeds. A curious instance of this has been shown in Staten Island, where once there were plenty of quails, which have of late years died out or departed. A Game Protection Association in the spring of 1883 procured a thousand quails and released them on the hills, where they apparently thrived and multiplied, as large coveys were seen in the fields and among the brushwood, and the whistle of the male birds was a familiar sound to the farmers. The shooting season is in November, but in vain did the sportsmen go out this year, for not a quail was to be seen or heard, and they have disappeared as completely as any bird of pre-historic periods.

The effects of the late M. Charles Tissot were recently sold at the Hôtel Drouot, Paris, and among them was the photograph of a young and beautiful woman, the price of which was pushed up to a ridiculous extent by a gentleman who happened to know that the original was Princess Nazli, the daughter of Halim Pasha, and cousin of the Ex-Khedive. Never before had any auctioneer the opportunity of selling the portrait of a Mussulman lady, for the law of Islam forbids her even to show her face, and denounces portraiture as a cardinal sin. Orders have gone forth that this precious photograph be bought back again, no matter at what expense; and, since Princess Nazli is well known in Constantinople to be a ringleader of those who would fain exchange Oriental for Western manners and customs, it is to be feared that more than one *mauvais quart d'heure* is in store for her.

Madame Ristori travels quite *en famille* with her husband, the Marquis Capranico del Grillo, their son and daughter, and some confidential servants. She has been very warmly received in America, and says that her performances there this winter will positively be her last in public, as in the spring she will return to her beautiful Italian home, never again to leave it.

Magazine verse, like the web of our life, is a mingled yarn. It is never so intolerably bad as it was a century ago, when every petty verseman "rhymed and rattled" in the style of Pope, omitting nothing save his wit and poetry. We know better what is good in these days, if we are not always able to produce it; and editors are more chary of admitting inferior poems. Now and then the reader lights upon one which is alike pertinent and beautiful. Mr. Fawcett's death has moved several pens to write poetically, but perhaps the most interesting production that sad event has called forth is to be found in last week's *Athenæum*. The writer, Mr. Philip Bourke Marston, is a poet of no mean mark, and there is a pathetic beauty in his fine sonnet which touches the reader the more deeply when he remembers that Mr. Marston, too, has been doomed to "confront Night" and to fight his way "sightless."

How many readers in the British Museum have found in Dr. Richard Garnett a guide and friend; how many authors have had their labour lessened by his invaluable help, it is impossible to say. This at least can be said without fear of contradiction, that few daily students in the Reading-Room are indebted to his courtesy, and that the acknowledgment of the assistance gained from his large knowledge of literature is to be found in no inconsiderable number of important works published during the last quarter of a century. The fact that Dr. Garnett's services are required in another department is a matter of no slight regret to his many friends. If the change be a gain to him, it can hardly fail to prove a loss to a vast number of readers.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is suffering from a domestic inconvenience. Every householder knows what it is to have to hurriedly summon the turncock on account of water running short, or cisterns becoming clogged. Unfortunately, the Heir Apparent has no such remedy, for his residence at Sandringham is supplied by a set of springs rising from the out-crop of chalk. For the last seven years these have sufficiently ministered to his wants; but now, in consequence of the continued drought in Norfolk, they show signs of giving out. Of course, his Royal Highness will not personally suffer, but the gardens and stables may be "thirsty," especially as a stud of hunters for the Prince's use during the winter have recently arrived at Sandringham House.

Surprise is being expressed that German manufacturers are now so popular in this country. The discussion commenced over the statement that post-cards used here are made in and imported from Germany. Like Chinese cheap labour in Bret Harte's poem, the Teutonic moderation naturally has its effect on other countries. Yet the reason is obvious. The working classes of foreigners have a natural aptitude for saving. Turning to the artisans, waiters, confectioners, watchmakers, we find that to put away a portion of their earnings is a habit with aliens, while native workmen are notoriously improvident. Many of the wealthiest foreign business men in London came over here with little more capital than Dick Whittington had when he sat on Highgate-hill. They have become rich, amongst other reasons, by the negative virtue of not spending all their gains. If our British workmen would take a lesson out of their books, they could afford to compete with the world, and assure employment from year's end to year's end. The proverbial economy of the German mechanical classes is their fortress and safeguard.

Hostesses who are in the habit of entertaining largely will rejoice to hear of a new departure in floral decorations. It has long been the custom to expend enormous sums on exotics which adorn ball-room walls, staircases, and supper-tables. The cost of flowers for one ball given in London last season was known to be over eight hundred pounds, and this amount included the hire only of certain gigantic palms and growing plants. According to an artistic contemporary, artificial flowers are now made and impregnated with the permanent odour of rose, jessamine, lily, and other sweet-scented blossoms. They are alleged to be lifelike, and can, of course, be used many times. If they come into common use, maid-servants will have good cause to complain that dusting carnations and packing away gardenias for the winter is "no part of their work." But, however cheap and like the real article the muslin and wax may look, it is possible that prejudice will, for a long time, yet retain the refreshing natural bloom instead of its sweet-essenced imitator.

That rising American artist, Mr. C. B. Porter, has a great reputation for painting portraits of beautiful women. The latest is of Mrs. Henry Clews, in a low dress of shimmering white satin, coming down an antique staircase. He has recently painted Mrs. T. Cushing, Mrs. Schlesinger, and Miss Maude Howe, three well-known Boston belles, who are said to be very proud of their portraits.

Perhaps in no profession have there been such revolutions during the present century as in that of the stage. There is a grand actress of by-gone days who has seen them all, and who, now quite well and hearty, hopes to celebrate her seventy-ninth birthday on the 22nd inst. Mrs. Keeley, then Miss Goward, made her début, at the Lyceum Theatre, nearly sixty years ago! And her last appearance was as recent as 1878, when she emerged from her retirement to do honour to the Testimonial Benefit of Miss Woolgar. To attempt to refer to the changes she must have known, would be to attempt to write a history of the drama. Owing her first step to a sweet voice and complete knowledge of music, she worked her way up from a chorus girl to a leading position at Drury-Lane Theatre, at the time of Macready's management. She must have been on terms of friendship with all the great tragedians whose talents we guess at and talk over to-day. It must be a great pleasure for her to observe the rapid strides towards recognition that our actors and actresses are now making. Instead of rogues and vagabonds, as they were designated, and treated like, half a century ago, honest workers in the drama have earned a social rank equal to artists, authors, and men of letters. To examples like Mrs. Keeley, they owe this. We wish her many happy returns of her birthday!

What's in a name? Why, something very uncertain of pronunciation sometimes. Just lately there have been daily questions put to omniscient editors of sporting papers by persons interested in horse-racing (who, by-the-way, are not generally remarkable for any kind of knowledge "bar one") to ascertain what is the proper pronunciation of "Beauchamp," the name of a race-horse. Perhaps a few doses of "Beecham's pills" might impress the pronunciation upon doubtful minds. No doubt these innocents would sympathise with the undergraduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, who pronounced Tollemache something after the fashion of Telemachus; and they might be surprised to learn that a gentleman named Stiffe was highly indignant at being considered "Stiff," demanding to be called "Stife" (a wicked waste of a letter); and that a young prig in the lecture-room at Cambridge declined to answer to his name of Piffard when pronounced by the tutor after the analogy of Giffard, but required the accent to be placed upon the second syllable before he would "translate a little of this Greek chorus, if you please, Mr. Piffard."

Trustworthy information about the gallant General Gordon appears as difficult to discover as the whereabouts of Truth or Wisdom. The newspapers tell us one thing to-day and another, of a perfectly different and contradictory sort, to-morrow. Nay, the announcements contradict one another from hour to hour; as is testified by a credible witness, who affirms that when he went into a place of entertainment the other night, at eight p.m., a placard announced the "defeat, capture, and death of General Gordon," and when he came out, at about eleven p.m., a "great victory" of the same gallant General. And the worst of it is that the Khedive and our Government seem to be no wiser than the newspapers. Howbeit, Lord Wolseley seems to have lately had a letter from Gordon himself. The best plan is to believe only half of what you hear or read; and let it be the better half.

It has been conjectured that when Sir Stafford Northcote called his "frequent pardner," Lord Randolph Churchill, a "bonnet" the other day, the right honourable and amiable Baronet meant to be complimentary, and did not know what "bonnet," in the figurative sense, really means. A professor of the three-card trick, or of thimble-rig would be the best person to apply to for information upon that point.

In a very recent—if not her most recent—novel, the learned Mrs. Oliphant (who seems to drop three-volume novels as the clouds drop fatness) talks of a young gentleman "supporting a corner of the mantelpiece, like a young Caryatides." If "mobled queen is good," surely "a young Caryatides," of the masculine gender and singular number, is much better. As "there is something not altogether unpleasant to us in the misfortunes of our best friends," and as there is some sort of satisfaction in "ostracising" an Aristides through sheer weariness at hearing him so constantly called "the Just," so there is a certain low-minded delight in finding that our most admired idols, whether writers or not, can err. Who would not chuckle to "catch" Lord Tennyson in a false rhyme? And who does not chuckle at the idea of the great Pitt delivering himself sonorously and pompously of his famous false quantity in "magnum vectigal est parsimonia"? You can no more help feeling a pleasant titillation than you could help laughing if you saw an Archbishop "come down" on a slide. Is it *very* ill-natured?

The fine old English miser, like the notorious Mr. Elwes of parsimonious memory, is not extinct, or rather was not extinct when Mr. Parry of Chester, who is said to have been the largest holder of property in Cheshire, died the other day. Among Mr. Parry's parsimonious feats not the least was his saving of a receipt stamp by getting a tenant who had to pay a rent of just over two pounds sterling to pay the sum in two instalments.

With the commencement of the season, growls are being heard from hospitable dinner-givers that their guests will not be punctual. Some autocratic hosts will not wait a minute for anyone; while some visitors are never a second late. Such punishment as schoolboys not unfrequently endure would teach a lesson to the tardy ones. Those who are late should forfeit what they have missed, and commence their meal at whatever point it may have reached on their appearance. A good story is told of a punctual host and would-be polite but unpunctual guest. Arriving very late, the visitor took his seat at the table, and was profuse in his apologies. "Please excuse me, my dear Sir," he said, "and allow me to go on with whatever is now being served; don't have anything brought up again for me." Taking him at his word, his host courteously assented, and the recalcitrant one dined off apple-tart.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

"Peace! Peace!" were the last words of Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland, as he fell, dying for his King (but sadly conscious of that King having done his realm an immensity of mischief), on the battle-field of Newbury. Are we to have Peace now, I hopefully wish to know, after all these weary months of wrangling, bickering, and bad language? Is the "conciliatory arrangement," or the compromise, or the surrender (call it which you will), proposed by the Prime Minister, to bear the blessed fruit of pacification all round? Surely there should be satiety in the calling of abusive names. Surely we ought by this time to have arrived at the amicable and unanimous opinion that the Franchise Bill, although it is a vital political necessity, is socially a gigantic bore, and that the best that we can do with the measure is to pass it as swiftly as ever we possibly can, and proceed without delay to fresher and cheerfuller work.

Meanwhile, I have had a Dream. I dreamt that I was sitting in a large and lofty hall, in which a crowded assemblage of stern-faced men—young, middle-aged, and elderly—were, with stern intensity, regaling on joints roast and boiled, accompanied by vegetables, and followed by plum-pudding. I dreamt that, although the feast was not at all of a teetotal nature, the consumption of alcoholic beverages was, in comparison with the number of guests, very small. I dreamt that, so soon as the cloth was drawn, the bulk of the stern-faced audience began to smoke tobacco—cigars, cigarettes, "yards of clay," cutties, and briar-woods; and that they then resolutely listened during three mortal hours to some of the very best speeches that I ever heard in my life.

Five Radical members of Parliament, all of a row. Do you shudder? do you turn pale? do you "feel bad"? Messrs. Labouchere, Jesse Collings, Broadhurst, Storey, and Burt. Mr. Firth, M.P. for Chelsea, and giant-killer in ordinary to the Corporation of London—six Radical members of Parliament, all of a row. Sir Charles Dilke was expected; but Cabinet cares kept him away. But the Ghost of Banquo, otherwise the Peri of the Parliamentary Paradise, the Spectre of half-represented Northampton, was there. Seven Radical members of Parliament, all of a row. They all made long speeches, and I came away alive.

The oddest thing was that, with the exception of my old and true friend, Mr. Henry Labouchere, I had never to my knowledge set eyes before on any one of these seven Tribunes of the People. I have been, time and again, in the Strangers' Gallery of the old House of Commons; but the new one I have never entered. Thus it was with rapt attention that I listened to the utterances of the seven Tribunes, especially to the speech of the gentlemen from the North:—

O, wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the North,
With your hands and your feet and your raiment all red?
And wherefore does your rout send forth a joyous shout,
And where are the grapes of the winepress that ye tread?

It is many years since I read these stirring lines of Macaulay; and, quoting from memory, I may have erred here and there. But Mr. Burt, M.P., told us very forcibly wherefore he came from the North. A Briton of Danish descent, Mr. Burt, I should say. A Berserker, with a lingual "burr" so strong and thick as for some minutes to be almost incomprehensible to my southern and cockney ears. Pronounces "commercial" "commarshial," and "bill" "beel." Mr. Storey I imagine to be of ancient Roman engendrure. His part of Durham was probably colonised by the veterans of the Tenth Legion. Tall, eagle-faced, coal-black bearded. Often does that type flash upon you in some trooper of the Life Guards (largely recruited from Northern farmers' sons) in his niche at Whitehall. A low-pitched, soft, melodious, thoroughly southern voice, Mr. Storey's. Mr. Broadhurst, a Saxon from the tips of his fingers to the roots of his hair. Higg the son of Snell among his ancestors, possibly. As for Mr. Labouchere, Burke's Peerage, treating of the extinct barony of Taunton, states that the Labouchere family left France at the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and settled in Holland. We are certainly a curiously composite nation. Three Saxons, a Dane, an ancient Roman, and an Anglo-Batavian of French descent, making seven Radical members of Parliament, all of a row. And how well (differences in pronunciation apart) they all spoke! I wonder whether my dream was of a dinner on Monday, Nov. 17, at the Eleusis Club, King's-road, Chelsea.

The Democratic party having won the presidential Election (after a mournful succession of years passed "out in the cold") in the United States, the principle "to the Victors belong the Spoils" will, it is to be presumed, be adhered to; and the customary process of "cutting off the heads" of Ministers and Secretaries of Legation, Consuls and Collectors of Ports, and other Civil Servants, will, I suppose, be resorted to, with the usual cheerful alacrity, during the next few months. The U.S. Minister Plenipotentiary nominated to Rome by the Republicans did not wait to have his head cut off. He cut it off himself as soon as he heard that Governor Cleveland was victorious.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Eugene Schuyler will be left alone in his missions in South-Eastern Europe; that Mr. J. Russell Young will be left in peace at Peking; and that Mr. Bret Harte will be maintained in his consulship at Glasgow. Mr. Schuyler is a born diplomatist, a distinguished publicist, linguist, traveller, and man of the world, and his official decapitation would be positively disastrous to the American Diplomatic Service. And surely no political considerations should imperil the continuance of Mr. Bret Harte as U.S. Consul at Glasgow. To confer such a post on a man of letters so accomplished and so deservedly famous is to give him a bonus, an honorarium, an indirect acknowledgment of his genius and reward of his services. Republicans and Democrats should be alike proud of the celebrity which, in both hemispheres, has been achieved by Mr. Bret Harte.

With regard to the Ministry to London, the case is different. The mission to the Court of St. James's—a mission which has been filled by such men as Rush, as Dallas, as Bancroft, as Motley, as Adams, and as Reverdy Johnson—is naturally the object of the keenest ambition among the most distinguished American politicians. I read in this connection in the *World*:—

The success of the Democratic party in America necessitating the withdrawal of Mr. J. R. Lowell from the post at the Court of St. James's, which he has held to the general satisfaction, I ("Atlas") understand that there is a strong probability of our speedily seeing Mr. W. H. Hurlbert installed in the vacant berth. Mr. Hurlbert, for many years the guiding spirit of the *New York World*, is a man of great natural ability, cosmopolitan experience, and charming manners. He is well known in English society, and would make a model Minister.

With the slight reservation that it does not seem to be altogether settled that the withdrawal of Mr. J. R. Lowell is absolutely "necessitated," I agree with every word that "Atlas" has written. More than twenty years have passed since, in New York, I first knew Mr. William Henry Hurlbert, then (America was "in the midst of war") a dashing young journalist, full of fire, pluck, and "go," and one of the shining lights of the Democratic party. Returning to the States in 1879, I found Mr. Hurlbert politically grown a grave and reverend seignior (although socially, intellectually, and artistically as young as ever), the editor and guiding spirit of the *New York World*. He has retired from the cares of editorship now, has "made his pile," and is in Europe, a prosperous gentleman at large; still, his activity of mind and aptitude for business should make entire leisure distasteful to him, and the London or Paris mission would exactly suit him.

In the parish Church of St. Mary, Bishopscourne-by-Canterbury, was unveiled, on Monday, Nov. 17, a handsome stained-glass window in memory of Richard Hooker, author of "The Lawes of Ecclesiastical Politie." Hooker was presented by Queen Elizabeth to the Rectory of Bishopscourne, and there he died and was buried, in 1600. An admirable man; and not only a wonderfully learned polemical writer, but, to all seeming, a model country parson. He was Master of the Temple once; but his heart always yearned for green fields, thatched roofs, and purling brooks.

"Good old" Bishop Still, "Good old" Fuller, "Good old" Richard Baxter, "Good old" Izaak Walton. These are household words to lovers of English letters. But nobody talks of "Good old" Richard Hooker. Why? Well, in the first place, he died, worn out by study and the ailments of a weakly constitution, at the comparatively early age of forty-seven. In the next place, he had earned for himself the altogether peculiar and distinctive sobriquet of the "Judicious" Hooker. Bede was the "Venerable," Crichton the "Admirable," Selden the "Learned," but Hooker was the "Judicious." Granger, in his "Biographical History of England," says that it was Queen Bess who dubbed Hooker the Judicious; and judicious indeed he must have been to have gained, by his five books of "Ecclesiastical Polity" (the three last are more or less spurious), the praise both of a Protestant Queen and of Pope Clement VIII.

The book of "Lawes of Ecclesiastical Politie," fol., 1639, has stood for many years on my shelves, next to Milton's prose works. Both books (quite apart from their doctrinal and ritualistic character) are wondrously valuable reading as examples of copious and eloquent English. Granger says that Hooker's English is marked "classical simplicity"; but as to the accuracy of that statement I am not competent to decide. I am no judge of classical simplicity. So much, however, I may venture to hint, that Milton's and Hooker's prose would find tens of thousands more readers (among the laity) than they at present do were their pages broken up into paragraphs of less inordinate length. There are six hundred closely-printed folio pages in Hooker; and many of the paragraphs are six, seven, and eight pages long. There are nearly a thousand royal octavo pages of close print, in double columns, of Milton's prose; and the paragraphs, although not so lengthy as Hooker's, are fearfully protracted.

On the night of Saturday, Nov. 15, Mr. Henry Irving was the hero of a reception organised in his honour by the members of the New York Lotus Club. The club was crowded by literary, dramatic, and artistic celebrities, and the great actor on his entrance was greeted with loud cheers. The greatest cordiality and enthusiasm characterised the entire proceedings. What a strange thing it is, and what a pity does it seem, that in so eminently clubbable a metropolis as London, there are no institutions of the precise character and with the exact attributes of the New York Lotus Club and the San Francisco Bohemian Club. The Savage Club comes nearer the American model than any other literary, dramatic, or artistic club in England; and the committee of the defunct Falstaff attempted to combine the best characteristics of the American Lotus with those of the Cercle des Mirlitons in Paris. But we failed somehow. There was a London Lotus, too, in Regent-street or Langham-place—a club which promised brightly, but which, like Morality in the "Dunciad," "unawares expired."

"Slöjld": the last "little stranger" tentatively introduced into the English vocabulary, and the last new "fad." A Rev. member of the School Board for London has written to the *Times* to say that "some educational minds have been much interested by the 'Slöjld' system of education, which is practised in Sweden with great success." "Slöjld," the writer explains, "means a system which teaches dexterity and pliancy of fingers in manual work, and which also trains the mind's power of observation and perception." "Slöjld" is a development of Fröbel's "Kindergarten" system as it was intended to be by its author. "Slöjld," adds the gentleman with the educational mind, "is a word not easily translated into English." What! Are there not such English words as "handiwork" and "handicraft"?

Slöjld work in Sweden is carried out in wood, iron, and paper; working in wood is judged to be the most useful. Are

our Board Schools to be turned into carpenters and joiners' shops; and are our Board School children, instead of learning their lessons, to be exercised in carving wooden Nuremberg nutcrackers, or making furniture for dolls-houses, or constructing match-boxes? There is a most ancient form of "slöjld"—a handicraft in which children could be very usefully and profitably exercised; I mean the art of turning. But the aim and object of Mr. Forster's Education Act was not to teach handicrafts to the children of the poor; nor, for the matter of that, to feed them or to provide them with boots and shoes. The avowed and deliberate object of the Acts was to combat and vanquish the amazing literary ignorance of the poor—to teach their children to read, to write, and to cipher; and to give them, in addition, a much higher education in history, geography, natural history, and other branches of knowledge, than they had heretofore enjoyed.

There seems to be a large number of people who do not look upon the Education Acts from this point of view. "Anything," they urge in effect, "anything—gymnastics, drill, singing, 'slöjld,' rather than literary education." It was such literary education, got for nothing at an American common school, that enabled two poor lads, Abraham Lincoln and James Garfield, to become Presidents of the United States. I open at random the American "Congressional Directory for 1879." "Ohio, Fourth District: Representative Joseph Warren Keifer, born in Bethel township, was reared on a farm, educated at a common school, and studied law at Springfield; W. D. Hill, of Defiance, educated at country schools, was a student at Antioch College, and studied law at Springfield; Benjamin Lefevre, of Sydney, educated at Miami University, volunteered as a private soldier in the Union army, is a farmer by occupation. Oregon: James H. Slater, of La Grande, received a common-school education, studied law. John Whitaker, of Pleasant Hill, was raised on a farm, and is self-educated. Has been a Judge of Probate, and is now engaged in farming and stock-raising." And so on, and so on, in scores of instances.

Leigh Hunt once wrote a very humorous essay on the possible sensations of a gentleman who, fully dressed for the Opera, and walking on a fine summer's evening from the West-End towards the Haymarket, suddenly found himself, on turning the corner of a street, in the presence of a Bengal tiger. Now, *ceteris paribus*, I may ask how you would feel if, turning a corner of Southwick-crescent, Hyde Park, you suddenly became aware of a large white swan waddling along the pavement. To make such a rencounter was, a few days since, the lot of a laundryman, living at East Acton. He took the swan home; but, at the same time, did not omit to give information of his downy and black-legged treasure-trove to the police.

Meanwhile, the keeper of the wild fowl on the Serpentine, counting his swans, found one missing. He was told that the police knew of a laundryman at Acton who had found a swan, and was anxious to restore it to its rightful owner; but, very naturally, he was anxious to obtain compensation for having boarded and lodged the swan during three weeks. The parties could not agree as to the sum to which the laundryman was entitled for keeping the swan; and the rather clumsy expedient was resorted to of summoning him to Hammersmith Police Court for unlawfully detaining a swan, the property of her Majesty's Chief Commissioner of Works. In olden time, the prosecution would have been instituted by the King's swan-herd (*Magister deductus cygnorum*), or by the Master of the Royal Game. After a lengthy wrangle, Mr. Paget, the magistrate, awarded the laundryman a sovereign for the bird's keep; but to this award the keeper of the wild fowl demurred, and the matter was adjourned for a settlement to be, if possible, effected.

There is a fine old Border Ballad setting forth how, in a certain part of the county of Durham, "about Midsummer of the year,

Every man was tart of his crime
For stealing the Lord Bishop's mace."

I remember, more than thirty years ago, being vaguely "tart of my crime," not for "stealing the Lord Bishop's mace," but for being slightly implicated in the (I suppose, illegal) consumption of a swan. I was living in a (then) wild little village on the Thames, in Kent. The Vicar was non-resident. The Curate-in-charge was a butterfly-catcher and beetle-sticker, and not much more; there was no lawyer in the place, and no police station; the parish constable kept a public-house; we had no gas, nor did we want any; and when the local barber had taken a little too much beer overnight, and felt "queasy" in the morning, those who required the tonsor's aid used to walk over to Dartford in quest of a Figaro whose hand did not shake. In fine, we did pretty well what we liked, and were quite happy.

It was a desperately cold winter—the coldest that had been known for years; and one morning Bill Somebody found a superb swan in the "mushes"—otherwise, the marshes. I am sorry to say that Bill Somebody, assisted by Tom Somebody-else, killed that swan—I know not if the foul deed were executed with a cross-bow, as in the celebrated albatross case—and brought its body in triumph to the village. We did not treat the wicked Bill as the Ancient Mariner was treated. We did not hang the swan around the fautor's neck. No. I grieve to confess that we ate that swan. We ate him baked, and boiled, and stewed, and in a pie. There was a smell of swan-cooking all over the village. We were all "in it." Whether the swan's beak bore the Vintners' Company's two nicks, or the Royal five nicks, I know not; I only know that the stately biped, which had probably flown away from the freezing Upper Thames, was killed and cooked and devoured. And very strong, tough, and generally nasty was that swan in the eating.

"Will you," writes a correspondent from the Gentlemen's News-room, Cuckermouth, "enlighten us lakeland folk on the meaning of the word 'bonnet' as applied to Lord Randolph Churchill by Sir Stafford Northcote?" My esteemed correspondent at Cuckermouth, remember Falkland's words at Newbury. The Premier's bell-like tongue has rung out the thousand years of war, and rung in the thousand years of peace. Nobody is a "bonnet," nobody is a "jackal"; and no "badgers" are to be drawn, for the remainder of this Session at least.

G. A. S.

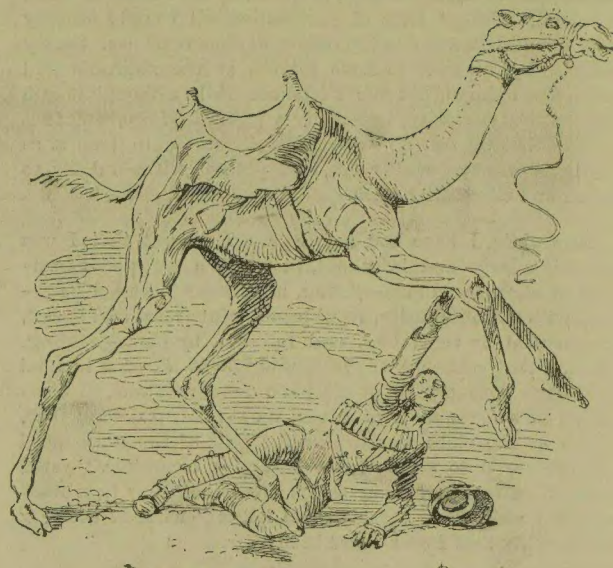


CAMEL CORPS, 1884.

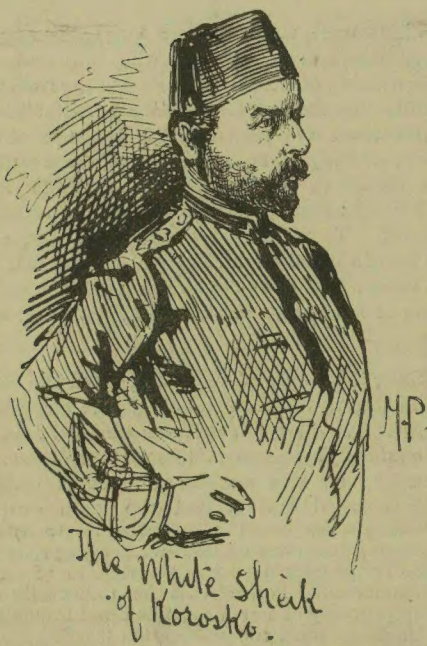


A SOLDIER OF THE DRUMEDARY CORPS ORGANIZED BY THE FRENCH IN EGYPT. 1801.

CAMEL CORPS, 1801.



DISMOUNTED.



The White Shik of Korosko.



42nd in Marching order



OFFICER TO CORPORAL WITH RAW HANDS
"HOW DID THAT CAMEL DO TODAY?"
CORP. "SPLENDID CAMEL SIR, ONLY
HE OUGHT TO BELONG TO AN OFFICER.
HE ALWAYS WANTS TO BE IN FRONT."



Irish Rifles.



Mayor of Assiout.



Mounted Infantry



Mounted Infantry
Major Hotters



In charge of boats



Officers Mess



THE NILE EXPEDITION: A DOUBTFUL CHARACTER IN CAMP AT ASSOUAN.

THE NILE EXPEDITION.

General Lord Wolseley has been obliged, for a day or two, to leave the front of his advance, which is at Dongola, and hasten back to Wady Halfa, in order to quicken the movement of transport for his troops and stores passing up the Nile. His Lordship was at Wady Halfa last Sunday, but stayed only till Tuesday, when he started on his return to Dongola. The whole force of the expedition is now moving up the river from Assouan, and four hundred of the rowing-boats, conveying eleven hundred British troops, are beyond the Second Cataract.

These troops include companies of the Essex, the Duke of Cornwall, the Royal Sussex, and the Staffordshire regiments. The heavy cavalry men belonging to the Camel Corps were to reach Wady Halfa on Wednesday, and would there join those of the Foot Guards, with whom they would march forward to Dongola, followed by the 10th Hussars. It is expected that this portion of the force will march across the Desert, by the caravan route from Debbeh to Khartoum. In the meantime the Mudir of Dongola is sending his black troops up the river as far as Merawi, where the Desert route to Berber commences. Lord Wolseley, on Saturday last,

received a letter from General Gordon, dated Nov. 4, reporting all well at Khartoum. General Gordon says he can hold out for the arrival of the British troops. The Mahdi is at a distance of eight hours from Khartoum; but the Arabs are quiet, and are not attacking now. It appears that General Gordon had heard about the wreck of the steamer which he dispatched with Colonel Stewart, Mr. Power, M. Herbin, and others on board, and the massacre of those gentlemen. He is much delighted to hear of the advance of the British troops, and hopes to be able to hold out until their arrival. He continues with his steamers to harass

the Mahdi's force, which is attempting to approach Khartoum. This letter, dated Nov. 4, is the first which Lord Wolseley has received from General Gordon. The same messenger was sent by Major Kitchener two months ago with despatches to General Gordon, and took the caravan route between Debbeh and Khartoum. General Gordon wishes it to be made known that he has received letters from his sister, from Sir S. Baker, and from Mr. Stanley. The letter is a long one. The Mudir of Dongola also has received a letter from General Gordon, dated in November, reporting all well at Khartoum. The General says he is looking forward to the arrival of the British troops. He appoints the Mudir a Pasha and General in the Egyptian army.

The later pretended rumours from Khartoum are wild and contradictory; last week it was said that General Gordon had been shot, and this was even announced by the French Prime Minister at a Cabinet Council, having come from a French Government agent in Egypt. It was utterly without foundation. The only news likely to be authentic is that received by Major Kitchener, or by the Mudir of Dongola. One of the Mahdi's followers just arrived from Khartoum reports that General Gordon fought an engagement with the Mahdi at Omderman, just above the city, in consequence of which the latter was obliged to withdraw northward to El Margatt, a village eight hours distant from Khartoum, which remains closely invested on all sides. But another messenger has just arrived at Merawi, from near Khartoum, who says that the Mahdi is still at Omderman. He has dispatched troops against Dongola and the Kabbabish tribe. The latter news is not believed by the Mudir, as the Mahdi's army ought to have appeared if the information were true. A deserter from the Mahdi's forces at Berber states that the Governor of that place, Mahomed-el-Keir, is much disliked by the inhabitants. The latter have been much harassed by General Gordon's steamers, and are willing to tender their submission on the arrival of the British troops. He further reports that provisions and ammunition are very scarce in Berber.

The friendly Beni Amers have inflicted a severe defeat on the Hadendowas near Souakim, capturing a convoy of provisions and corn destined for Osman Digna, together with 3000 camels.

We present this week a great variety of Illustrations of the Nile Expedition, some of which are from Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, who had reached the Second Cataract, and others from those contributed by officers of the Expedition and other correspondents. Mr. Prior un-
happily "came to grief," but with no serious personal harm to himself or interruption of his work, by the disaster which befel a steam-launch belonging to Mr. Walter H. Ingram, while attempting to pass the rapids and rocks of the Second Cataract. His Sketch of this adventure, which might easily have had much worse results to some of the party, appears on our first page. He supplies, also, the excellent view of Korosko, with the camp of Egyptian troops, the small buildings of sun-dried mud, the Khedive's flag hoisted on a tall flagstaff upon the rock above the river bank to the left hand, the steam-boat alongside the bank, and a dahabieh sailing by; and working parties of soldiers, and native porters, under the direction of English officers, carrying boxes of stores to the vessel for embarkation. Another of our Special Artist's Sketches represents the hospital tent at Wady Halfa, with the bringing in of sick men just arrived from the front; and with several Englishwomen, their kind and efficient nurses, waiting to take care of them. A military hospital has now been established at Dongola, where smallpox in a mild form has appeared. Mr. Prior, while at Assouan, sketched the camp of the 56th Regiment in a grove of beautiful palm-trees; and, at the upper end of the First Cataract, near the Isle of Philæ, drew the pleasing view of Shelal, the head-quarters of the Royal Engineers, mentioned in our last, with the steamer and other vessels lying there to take on board the materials for the railway.

Our obligations to Lieutenant R. De Lisle, R.N., one of the naval officers assisting in the river-work, for many clever Sketches of the hauling of vessels up the Cataracts, and of the personal experiences of those engaged in that work, have already been acknowledged. We are likewise indebted to Lieutenant C. G. Martyn, of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry Regiment (acting as Mounted Infantry), who is at Dongola, for a communication of the 9th ult., sending a Sketch of the Mudir's house, with Egyptian soldiers on guard at the gate, and some amusing Sketches of the Camel Corps, a rider "mounted" and one "dismounted"; of the conversation between an officer and a soldier upon the merits of "a splendid camel"; the officers' mess in a small tent; and the appearance of persons belonging to different corps in their respective uniforms. The old drawing, made eighty-three years ago by an officer in Egypt, of a French Grenadier of the Dromedary Corps organised in 1801, captured by the brigade of General Sir John Doyle in May of that year, may be compared with those of Lord Wolseley's Camel Corps in the present campaign. We are told that this French Dromedary Corps would march ninety miles in a day over the Desert, without provisions or water. Their practice, when in action, was for the animals to lie down, and the men to get behind them and to fire over them. Among the Portraits sketched for our pages are those of the Egyptian Head-man, Omdel or Mayor, of Assiout; the officer in command who came to be regarded as "the White Sheikh" of Korosko; and Mr. John M. Cook, one of the celebrated firm of contractors for the journeys of English tourists, who has rendered important services to the Military Expedition in the conveyance of its stores up the Nile. Our Artist seems to have suffered, like the other Englishmen, much persecution from the flies, and tried to shelter himself in a mosquito-net cage, suspended from the roof overhead, while employed on his drawings in the tent. The scene in camp at Assouan, where "a doubtful character," possibly a spy, is put to the question by an Arabic-speaking officer, may be regarded as characteristic of military business on the Egyptian borders; and the same kind of interest belongs to the incident of actual warfare represented in our larger Engraving.

Official announcement is made of the appointment of Mr. Shaw-Lefevre as Postmaster-General, of Sir Thomas Brassey as Secretary of the Admiralty, and of Mr. Caine, M.P., as Civil Lord of the Admiralty.

The Officers and Clerks' Committee of the Corporation, reversing a former decision, have agreed, according to the *Citizen*, to recommend that the late Remembrancer (Mr. Roberts) should have a salutation of £1600 for loss of office.

Mr. Ruskin gave the fifth of his series of lectures on "The Pleasures of England" in the Lecture Theatre, University Museum, Oxford, on Saturday afternoon, the subject being "Protestantism; the Pleasures of Truth."

MESSRS. A. BURNETT and RIDLEY PRENTICE.
EVENING CONCERT at the STEINWAY HALL, on SATURDAY, NOV. 29, at Eight o'clock. Quintet, Sir G. A. Macfarren; New Quartet, Rosalind Frances Elliott; Serenade Trio, Beethoven; Rondo (B minor), Schubert. Miss Hilda Wilson; Messrs. A. Burnett, Ellis Robert, W. E. Whitehouse, C. White, Ernest River, Ridley Prentice. Tickets, 6s., 3s., 1s., at the Hall; and of Lucas, Weber, and Co., 84, New Bond-street.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

To be Published Dec. 1.

THE BEST OF FRIENDS,

A Large Coloured Picture, after a Painting by
P. R. MORRIS, A.R.A.

COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS.

SONGS OF ITALY,

A Two-Page Picture, after a Painting by G. H. BARRABLE.

ROUGE ET NOIR. Seventeen Sketches in Colours. By HAL LUDLOW.

GRACE. A Picture printed in Colours. By A. BURR.

TALE OF A GOOSE. Six Tinted Sketches. By A. FORESTIER.

ENGRAVINGS.

A CAPRI GIRL. By SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

THE HIGHLAND SCHOTTISCHE: THE FINALE. By R. C. WOODVILLE.

SWEET ORANGES. By G. L. SKYVOUR.

A CHRISTMAS MISSION. By E. J. WALKER.

CHRISTMAS MORNING: EARLY BREAKFAST. By R. C. WOODVILLE.

DOLLY'S REVENGE. By GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

SATURDAY'S TUB. By F. DADD.

STORIES.

MISS BEE. By G. MANVILLE FENN.

A DIVIDED DUTY. By H. SAVILE CLARKE.

RIVALS TO THE END. By H. H. S. PEARSE.

CHRISTMAS FOLK TALES.

VERSES AND SKETCHES BY MASON JACKSON, JOHN LATEY, HORACE LENNARD, BYRON WEBBER, J. LATEY, JUN., AND OTHERS.

The demand for this Christmas Number is so enormous that the Proprietors are unable to guarantee to supply all orders in full; orders will therefore be received conditionally.

The whole inclosed in a Handsome Wrapper,

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

POSTAGE: PARCELS POST, 3d.; BOOK POST, 3d.

For Foreign Parts and Parcels Post the plate may be sent rolled within the Number; but for Inland Book Post it must be folded.

A List of the Postal Charges for Foreign Parts is given at page 10 of the Christmas Number.

Office: 198, Strand, London, W.C.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

NOVEMBER 22, 1884.

AT HOME.

The postage within the United Kingdom, including the Channel Islands, is One Halfpenny.

ABROAD.

To places abroad the postage is *Two-pence-halfpenny* (thick edition), *One Penny* (thin edition), with the following exceptions:—
To Abyssinia, Aden, Borneo, Ceylon, India, Java, Labuan, Penang, Philippine Islands, Sarawak, Singapore, and Zanzibar, *Four-pence-halfpenny* (thick edition), *Three-halfpenny* (thin edition).

To Madagascare (except St. Mary and Tamatave) and the Transvaal, *Sixpence* (thick edition), *Two-pence* (thin edition).

The use of the thin paper edition is not recommended, the appearance of the Engravings being greatly injured by the print at the back showing through.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

Office: 198, Strand, W.C.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other important works, at the GALLERIES, 108, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 37, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall-mall.—The THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF PICTURES BY BRITISH AND FOREIGN ARTISTS, including CARL HEFFNER'S VIEWS IN THE CAMPAGNA, is NOW OPEN.—Admission, One Shilling.

THE ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, by English and Continental Artists (including Louis Jassens's new picture, "A Competition 1780"), is NOW OPEN at ARTHUR TOOTILL and SONS' GALLERIES, 5 and 6, Haymarket. Admission, One Shilling, including Catalogue.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—MR. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager.—EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, HAMLET. Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Characters by Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Speakman, Willard, Dewhurst, Clifford Cooper, Frank Cooper, Cranford, Hudson, Doone, De Solla, Evans, Fulton, Foss, &c., and George Barrett; Mesdames Eastlake, Dickens, &c., and M. Leighton. Doors open at 7.15. Carriages at 11.15. Box-office, 9.30 to Five. No fees. Business Manager, J. H. Colboe.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W. LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY. Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Edgar Bruce. EVERY EVENING, at a Quarter to Eight, the Playwright in Twenty Minutes, called SIX AND EIGHTY. At a Quarter-past Eight, a New Play, written by Messrs. Hugh Conway and George Cope, entitled CALL ED BACK, adapted from Mr. Hugh Conway's very successful story of that name. For cast see daily papers. New scenery and costumes. Doors open at Half-past Seven. Carriages at Eleven. No fees. Box-office open daily from Eleven to Five. MATINEE OF CALLED BACK, SATURDAY, NOV. 23, at 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'
NEW PROGRAMME. All the new songs and all the new and screaming comic sketches received with the greatest enthusiasm by houses crowded to repletion. Return of the infatigable and justly popular comedian, Mr. G. W. MOORE. Performances all the year round. EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT: DAY PERFORMANCES EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE, as well. Doors open for Day Performance at 2.30; for Night ditto at 7.30. Prices of Admission: 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s. No fees.

THE BRIGHTON SEASON.

Art Loan Exhibition at Royal Pavilion open every week-day. Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Pullman Drawing-room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

BRIGHTON EVERY WEEK-DAY.—A First Class Cheap Train from Victoria, 10 a.m. Day Return Tickets 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car; available to return by the 6.45 p.m. Pullman Express-Train, or by any later Train.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—First Class Cheap Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 1s. A Pullman Drawing-room Car is run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.40 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 12s., available by these Trains only.

BRIGHTON.—THE GRAND AQUARIUM.—EVERY SATURDAY, Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction, and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.5 p.m., calling at East Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 1s. Half a Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion.

PARIS.—SHORTEST CHEAPEST ROUTE.

Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Cheap Express Service Week-days and Sundays. From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 34s., 25s., 18s.; Return, 67s., 41s., 32s. Powerful Paddle Steamers, with excellent Cabins, &c. Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe. SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued, enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Office, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

MUSIC.

Wagner's "Parsifal" music was repeated by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society—again conducted by Mr. Barnby—last Saturday afternoon. Having commented on the work last week, we need now only record its repetition under similar conditions and with the same principal singers, these having been Fraulein Malten, Herr Gudehus, Herr Scaria, and Herr Schuegraf, all of whom have been associated with German stage renderings of "Parsifal." The solemnity of the music proved again highly impressive on a very numerous audience. Whatever opinions may be held as to its merits, Mr. Barnby deserves great praise for his enterprise in producing it in the only form in which it could be heard in this country—as an oratorio; and even in this shape it seems that it is not to be again given here, according to the printed announcement of "arrangements having been made with Madame Wagner by which the work will in future only be performed at Bay-reuth."

The Popular Concert of last Saturday afternoon included the reappearance of Mr. Charles Hallé, whose solo performance was in Schumann's first pianoforte sonata (Op. 11 in F sharp minor), which was rendered with neat execution and refined taste. Madame Norman-Néruda was again the leading violinist, and she and Herr Straus played Mozart's Duet in G major, for violin and viola, with fine style and execution. Mdlle. Barbi was the vocalist, her performances having been of special excellence. Monday evening's concert included the skilful pianoforte playing of Miss Agnes Zimmermann in Liszt's transcription of an Organ Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, and in concerted pieces. Vocal duets by Tschalkowski and Schumann were charmingly rendered by Miss Louise Phillips and Madame Isabel Fasset. Madame Norman-Néruda again led the quartet party. Signor Romili was the accompanist on Saturday, and Miss Carmichael on Monday.

Five of the new series of Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concerts have now been given. At the fifth, M. Jules Lasserre, the skilful violoncellist, appeared, and played, with much success, a concerto by Eckert and smaller solo pieces. Miss Griswold was the vocalist. The anniversary of the deaths of Gluck and Rossini was very slightly observed by the performance of the overture to "Iphigénie en Aulide" and that to "Guillaume Tell." At this week's concert, Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's oratorio, "The Rose of Sharon" is to be performed.

Madame Viard-Louis, the eminent pianist, gave the first of her second series of performances of Beethoven's works at the Prince's Hall on Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. George Watts's grand morning concert at the Royal Albert Hall on Wednesday—the last of the season—offered powerful attractions in the announcement of the co-operation of Madame Christine Nilsson and other eminent vocalists.

The Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden Theatre are approaching the close of a very prosperous season, next Monday being announced as the last night, for the benefit of Mr. W. F. Thomas, the Director. The past week has included an American night, and the engagement of Signor Bottesini, the celebrated contra-basso soloist.

The second concert of the New Club Austrian Band was given on Tuesday afternoon at Steinway Hall, with a good programme; the third concert taking place at the same hall next Tuesday. The programmes of these concerts consist of chamber and dance music, the latter especially selected from the latest Viennese Répertoire. Popular artistes are also engaged to sing.

Her Majesty's Theatre was suddenly closed last Thursday week—as alleged on account of the indisposition of some of the singers.

The Sacred Harmonic Society—conducted by Mr. Charles Hallé—announced Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" for performance at St. James's Hall, yesterday (Friday) evening.

Mr. John Boosey has announced a series of three of the popular "London Ballad Concerts," to take place at St. James's Hall next Wednesday evening, on the afternoon of Dec. 3, and on Wednesday evening, Dec. 10. At the first concert Madame Minnie Hauk and other eminent artists are to appear.

Herr Hans Richter has recently been to Birmingham to arrange with the Festival Committee as to next year's celebration, of which he will be the conductor. M. Gounod's new oratorio is now in the hands of the publishers, Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co. It is entitled "Mors et Vita." The first part is a complete "Requiem," with a prologue and epilogue; Part 2 comprises a short description of the Last Judgment, and Part 3 deals with the Future Life. There are also to be produced a secular cantata by Herr Dvorák; one by Mr. F. H. Cowen, on the subject of the Sleeping Beauty; a violin concerto, by Mr. A. C. Mackenzie, which will probably be played by Herr Joachim; and a symphony by Mr. Prout.

At a town's meeting, held at Hull on Monday for the purpose of relieving the distress in the town, about £18,000 was subscribed. Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, M.P., chairman of the Hull and Barnsley Railway Company, announced that it is likely that the works in connection with the dock and railway will soon be resumed.

A lecture on the Taranaki or New Plymouth district of New Zealand, as the most attractive and advantageous field of emigration for small capitalists, farmers, and families with a limited income seeking an agreeable home, was delivered at Exeter Hall on Tuesday evening by Mr. William Courtney, a resident of ten years' experience in that country. The Right Hon. Sir Charles Dilke, M.P., President of the Local Government Board, was in the chair, and having visited New Zealand many years ago, as well as the other British Colonies, was enabled to speak with high and just admiration of the natural advantages of Taranaki, which possesses the most fertile soil, the most agreeable climate, and the most enchanting scenery probably to be found in that part of the world. Sir Francis Dillon Bell, K.C.M.G., Agent-General for New Zealand, was also present, and gave additional explanations of the subject. Mr. Courtney's mission to England is accredited by a communication from the Hon. Major Atkinson, Prime Minister of New Zealand, which was read previously to his lecture. He imparted, in a simple, frank, and straightforward address, much precise knowledge relating to the agricultural, commercial, and social statistics of New Zealand, the situation of Taranaki, the opportunities of land purchase on very easy terms, and of safe and profitable investment of money; and the condition of the settlement with regard to trade, roads, and railways, the improved harbour of New Plymouth, the healthiness and pleasantness of the climate, and the facilities of education for children. We can, from independent sources of information, bear testimony to the entire correctness of all his statements at the meeting; and Sir Charles Dilke and Sir Dillon Bell united in thanking him on behalf of the numerous and respectable audience. Mr. Courtney has an office at 79, Fenchurch-street, where he will answer private inquiries.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

From New York comes intelligence that Mr. Henry Irving and the Lyceum Company, with Miss Ellen Terry as the bright particular star, continue their series of triumphant performances at the Star Theatre; and that England's representative actor has been entertained at a special banquet given in his honour by the hospitable Lotus Club. The favour graciously extended by New York to Mr. Irving and Miss Terry is warmly reciprocated in London, where America's fairest and most charming histrionic artiste, Miss Mary Anderson, still draws excellent houses by her fascinating embodiment of the love-sick heroine of "Romeo and Juliet," so resplendently placed upon the stage of the Lyceum by Mr. Henry E. Abbey. Meantime, at the Princess's Theatre, the conspicuous merits of Mr. Wilson Barrett's youthful Hamlet are nightly recognised by large audiences.

Produced rather hurriedly and under circumstances probably unknown to the majority of the audience, Mr. F. C. Burnand's new drama of "Just in Time" was not seen to advantage on the first night at the Avenue Theatre; but the undeniable effectiveness of the bold situations has been well appreciated since. It must be acknowledged that the characters of "Just in Time" are very distinctly individualised. There is movement from the moment Mr. William Rignold, as Louis Ducrocq, forcibly rids himself of his fellow-convict, Simon Mascaret, to gain possession of his booty in the prologue to the rapidly-reached first act, wherein the villainous convict reappears in Paris as Monsieur De l'Estorlières, and procures the abduction of a pretty flower-girl; and to the last scene of all, where the persecuted Estelle, rescued by her faithful lover, Peter Patten, the agile fencing-master and flautist, is restored by Admiral Conyngham to fortune and happiness. As Peter Patten, the light-hearted hero who is always, or nearly always, "Just in Time," Mr. John S. Clarke cannot be said to shine as much as usual, for the reason that he is mature enough, not to put too fine a point upon it, to be the father of the fair Estelle to whom he is betrothed, a part very gracefully and winsomely enacted by Miss Eva Sothorn. Mr. William Farren strengthens the drama by his manly portrayal of the rôle of Admiral Conyngham. As Raymond De Guibray, Mr. C. Creston displayed considerable power. Mr. Robert Soutar, the experienced stage manager, gave importance to the small part of Lenoir; and that old Adelphi favourite, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, was quite at home as Thérèse. Bright and comely, Miss Louise Henschel exhibited promise as Cécile. In fine, "Just in Time" is an engrossing drama, well played, of the period of the Directory in France, the quaint old costumes of that time adding much to the picturesqueness of the new piece at the Avenue.

When lovely woman stoops to fondle cobras and caress white mice on the lyric stage, one may next expect to see an entire "Happy Family" introduced in the succeeding comic opera. It is the first step that costs. Miss Florence St. John having broken the ice by the exhibition of her tame white mouse and performing snakes as the chief novelties of M. Audran's *Orientale féerie*, as it is termed, at the Comedy, why should we not in the musical piece which should speedily follow this brilliant trifle be favoured with the astounding tricks of the Ethiopian Lion King, or, better still, with the really remarkable performances of Félix's troupe of Russian and Siberian hounds? The truth is, Miss Florence St. John is so personally charming herself, and possesses a voice so seductively sweet, that she needs no adventitious aid. Certainly, the white mouse and snakes should be dispensed with, as a matter of good taste. The plot usually goes for nothing in such productions; though why this should be the case it is difficult to discover, having regard to the wealth of fiction open to librettists. Puerile and poor is the story of "The Grand Mogul." Yet it took two Frenchmen to devise and write, and an Englishman, Mr. H. B. Farnie, to adapt it. Prince Mignapour, heir to the Mogul throne, so far resembles the fickle and volatile hero of "Brighton" that each fair creature he sees becomes for the moment "the only being I ever loved." Endowed with this variable disposition, the Prince is allured by the beauteous Djemma, the snake-charmer, till the Princess proper regains his admiration in the guise of a Nautch-girl. The features which interested the very friendly first-night audience most on Monday were the peculiarly droll and quaint jocosities of Mr. Arthur Roberts as an English "book-maker" transformed into a Grand Vizier; the St. Vitus-like antics of Mr. Frank Wyatt as the enamoured French Envoy to the Court of Delhi, a character sustained with unflagging point and humour; and the melodious songs of Miss St. John as Djemma, Mdle. Berthe Latour as the Princess Bengaline, Mr. Frederick Leslie as the itinerant Showman in love with Djemma, and Miss Farebrother as the brightly piquante Sara. The many tuneful airs of "The Grand Mogul" will doubtless be utilised in quadrilles and valsees by the music publishers; but as an opera, the *féerie* cannot be compared for a moment with M. Audran's "Olivette" or "La Mascotte." The chorus, always a strong point at the Comedy, is exceptionally brilliant, the rich and tasteful costumes being executed by M. and Madame Alias (who have in store for the New Year an elaborate Shakspearean Costume Book for Fancy Balls). It should also be stated that M. Van Biene conducted with accustomed skill; and that Mr. T. E. Ryan excelled himself in the painting of the glowing scenery. By-the-way, the Comedy management would study the comfort of the audience more if the stalls were placed farther apart.

G. A. S.

The late Lord Mayor (Mr. Alderman Fowler, M.P.) has forwarded to the Italian Ambassador a further and final remittance of £323 11s. 7d. from the Mansion House Fund for the relief of the sufferers by the cholera at Naples. The fund is now closed.

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's Entertainment continues to attract crowds nightly to St George's Hall, and to keep them in a continuous simmer of laughter, except when they break bounds in loud guffaws. Next Monday, Nov. 24, a new first part will be produced, entitled "Old Knockles," written by Arthur Law, the music by Alfred J. Caldicott; in which Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Marion Wardroper, Mr. North Home, Mr. Charles Allan, and Mr. Alfred Reed will appear. The performance will conclude with a musical sketch by Mr. Eric Lewis, entitled "A Water Picnic."

It is a pleasant thing to see those who have time and talent for the purpose devoting themselves to the service of the poor, making art the handmaid of charity. An amateur performance is announced to take place at 24, Belgrave-square, on the evenings of Friday and Saturday (yesterday and to-day), in aid of the poor of Westminster; to commence with a comedieta, by Sir Charles L. Young, entitled "Yellow Roses"; characters by Lady Monckton and Sir Charles L. Young; and followed by a comic operetta, in one act, composed by Lady Arthur Hill, entitled "The Lost Husband"; characters by Mrs. Godfrey Pearse, Mr. Cotsford Dick, and Mr. Colnaghi.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Nov. 18.

The principal event of the Parliamentary week has been the reading before the Chamber of the report of the Parliamentary Commission charged with the Tonquin affair. One of the first and chief faults which the newspapers found in this report was that it was badly written and badly read. Frankly, I confess to feeling great pleasure in living in a country where literary style is so highly appreciated. The report tells us nothing new about Tonquin; it simply declares that public opinion demands an honourable conclusion to the expedition; that reinforcements must be sent immediately; that fifteen millions of francs ought to be voted at once, and that at least forty millions of francs will have to be voted in the beginning of 1885. Decidedly, Tonquin is not cheap. Fifty-five millions! But it is not so much the sum that irritates the deputies and the journalists; it is the unartistic sentences of the reporter of the Commission. The poor gentleman is not sufficiently alive to the fact that the language of a Parliamentary report is capable of receiving formal beauty, like a statue or a piece of furniture. He writes bad French and he reads badly.

M. Ferry asked the Chamber to fix the debate on this report for Monday next. M. Clémenceau protested, and demanded an adjournment until various important documents relative to the Tonquin question had been printed and distributed. As long as the deputies were unacquainted with these documents, they could not decide whether or not they ought to vote the credits and continue their confidence in the Cabinet. M. Ferry persisted in his demand, and M. Clémenceau replied that this haste to push the debate through was not made in the interest of the country but in the interest of the Ministry. The question being put to the vote, the Chamber complied with M. Ferry's desire, and fixed Monday as the date of the debate by 288 against 201. The fall of the Ferry Cabinet does not seem so imminent as it appeared ten days ago; the majority is still obedient.

Since the outbreak of the cholera at Paris on Nov. 4, up to midnight yesterday, Nov. 17, the total number of deaths was 650, including the deaths in the suburban communes and in the garrisons. Last night there remained 348 cases under treatment in the hospitals. The epidemic is gradually decreasing in intensity. Last week the official death-rate of Paris showed that the average of deaths from cholera in the whole city was one in every 10,000 inhabitants. Surely there is scarcely reason for alarm; nevertheless, both Parisians and foreigners have been running away from the capital to such an extent that the commerce of Paris is approaching a state of stagnation. The hotels are empty; the shopkeepers are in desolation; the theatres are half empty; and the foreigner, the *étranger* who does so much for the prosperity of Paris, has become a rarity. At one of the large hotels where it was usual to see 200 or 300 people at the table d'hôte, you now see twenty or thirty. M. Sardou, who loves money and understands business, proposes to retard the production of his new play, "Theodora," at the Porte Saint-Martin until the precious *étrangers* make up their minds to come back to Paris.

The Bonapartists of the Victorian shade are not satisfied with their young Emperor. Prince Victor, it appears, pays more heed to pleasure than to duty, and conducts himself, as M. Paul de Cassagnac says, as "a young man rather than as a man." It is probable, then, that Prince Victor will not be put forward as a candidate at the forthcoming general elections; nevertheless, the Bonapartists are preparing a very energetic anti-Republican campaign.—At Paris a week rarely passes without some scandal or another. There are so many newspapers, so many parties, so many jealousies, that the slightest pretext suffices. This week the reactionaries have a fine opportunity of vilifying the Republic. First of all, M. Cazot, who, after faithfully serving his party in the campaign against the Jesuits, was appointed, as a reward, first President of the Cour de la Cassation, the highest post in the magistracy, has been obliged to resign because he is involved in a fraudulent stock company which has just failed. Secondly, an ex-prefect of the Aveyron is accused of having appropriated the public money during his term of office.—The Grand Opera still remains without a manager. The enterprise, as at present organised, will inevitably ruin the man who undertakes it. Indeed, in spite of fifteen days' newspaper discussion, no satisfactory solution of the problem has been found, and in despair someone has proposed simply to pull down the Opera and sell the ground and the building materials. The author of this project doubtless simply desires to maintain the reputation of the Parisians as a gay and amusing people.

T. C.

On the 13th inst. the Pope held a public Consistory at the Vatican, to bestow on the six new Cardinals their hats. Seated on his throne in the Aula Regia, surrounded by his courtiers, the Pontiff received them as they were introduced by the deacons of the Sacred College, and allowed them to kiss his hand and foot. After which, the ceremony closed with the presentation of the hats. A secret Consistory followed, in which the Pope shut and opened the mouths of the new Cardinals, and made various ecclesiastical appointments.

The West African conference met at Berlin last Saturday, in the hall in the residence of Prince Bismarck in which the Berlin Congress met in 1878. Prince Bismarck was elected President. The States represented are England, Germany, France, Russia, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Turkey, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, the Netherlands, Sweden and Norway, Denmark, and the United States.—On Thursday the sixth Parliament of the German Empire was opened by the Emperor William in person.—Two trains came into collision yesterday week near Hanau station, in Germany. Fifteen passengers are reported killed and many injured.

On the 13th inst. the Emperor Francis gave his first dinner to the Delegations in the Royal residence at Buda; and on Saturday last the Emperor entertained the remaining members of the two Delegations to dinner. After dinner his Majesty held a reception; and in the evening left with his suite for Gödöllő. The Emperor visited, last Saturday afternoon, the Museum of Art and Industry. The Hungarian Delegation has passed the Army and Navy Estimates, ordinary and extraordinary, the credit for the army of occupation in Bosnia and Herzegovina, and the report of the united Committees on the subject of the Estimates for 1885.

The official canvass in New York State has corrected Governor Cleveland's plurality into 1078, and Mr. Blaine has accepted his defeat.—Mr. Astor has recently made another bequest to the Astor Library, New York. It consists in part of the manuscript collections made by Lord Chancellor Hardwicke and his sons, comprising original correspondence with foreign Courts during the reigns of George I. and George II., and several interesting transcripts from State papers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The whole are in 140 volumes, folio and quarto.—In honour of Mr. Irving a reception was organised at the Lotus Club, New York, last Saturday night. The club was crowded by literary, dramatic, and

artistic celebrities, and Mr. Irving upon entering was greeted with loud cheers. The greatest cordiality and enthusiasm characterised the whole proceedings.—The immigrants who arrived in the United States last month numbered 36,441.—The marriage of Miss Caroline Astor to Mr. Richard Wilson has, says a New York correspondent, interested society beyond any recent event. The bride's presents are valued at over a quarter of a million dollars. The necklace given her by her husband was worth seventy-five thousand dollars. Over a thousand guests attended the wedding festivities. The patients at the hospitals were entertained with a dinner in honour of the event by the bride's mother.

The Marquis of Ripon arrived at Amritsar on the 13th inst., and was enthusiastically received. He arrived at Delhi the following day, and was received by the Duke of Connaught. Upwards of 1000 addresses from all parts of India have been presented to Lord Ripon. In replying to some of these, his Lordship expressed the belief that India was never more loyal than at the present time.

A telegram from Melbourne states that the British Protectorate over the southern coast of New Guinea was proclaimed on the 6th inst. with great ceremony by the Commodore on the Australian station.

THE CHURCH.

The Rev. C. Bodington has declined the Bishopric of Bloemfontein.

Lord Zetland laid the memorial-stone of a new church at Hudswell, near Richmond, Yorkshire, on the 14th inst.

The newly erected house of the Newport Market Refuge and Industrial School at Coburg-row, Westminster, was formally opened on Tuesday, when a short service was held by the Bishop of London.

The Rev. Frederick Cox, on resigning the Rectory of Upper Chelsea, in consequence of ill-health, has been presented with a silver salver and a purse of six hundred guineas by his friends and parishioners.

A special parochial Mission in the Archdeaconry of London, which includes the northern and eastern portions of the metropolis, began on Sunday in two hundred churches. A series of services has been held every day this week, a house-to-house visitation made, and nine millions of tracts and leaflets distributed.

Lord Wharncliffe on Tuesday presented the Rev. John Sharp, Vicar of Horbury, near Wakefield, with a cheque for £1000, which had been subscribed by nine hundred of his parishioners on his completing the fiftieth year of his ministry. Mr. Sharp is going to devote a portion of the money to building a memorial vestry.

In Bishopsbourne Church, near Canterbury, on Monday, the ceremony of unveiling the Hooker memorial window was performed by the Bishop of Colchester, in the presence of a large congregation. Richard Hooker's last benefice was Bishopsbourne, in the rectory of which he died, in 1600. The window has been executed at a cost of upwards of £400. The money was raised by subscription among Churchmen.

The Bishop of Dover on Monday consecrated the additions which have recently been made to the parish church of Wilmington, near Dartford, Kent, in the presence of a numerous body of clergy. The entire scheme—which comprised the building of a south aisle, a new chancel, vestries, organ chamber, side chapel for children, as well as the restoration of a fragment of the original Anglo-Saxon church at the west end—has cost about £3400, nearly the whole of which had been previously raised.

At St. Margaret's Church, adjoining Westminster Abbey, the annual service of the League of St. Martin was held on Sunday afternoon, the Venerable Archdeacon Farrar, D.D., having placed the sacred edifice at the disposal of the society on this particular occasion. The league, of which the Rev. A. H. Staunton, of St. Alban's, Holborn, is president, was formed some seven years ago for the benefit of post-office employes throughout the metropolis. It has a present membership of about 800, besides 150 associates.

On the ninth anniversary of the consecration of St. Paul's, Clerkenwell (6417 inhabitants), it was stated that, in addition to 1440 Sunday and week services, with 225 holy communions and 400 members on the rolls, there had been 250 open-air preachings and 500 marriages; the somewhat unusual number of 3110 churchings, and the still larger number of 4236 holy baptisms (7346 combined), besides other Church work, had taken place in connection with the church erected out of a small portion of the proceeds of the unused City Church of St. Mildred, Poultry.

The Archbishop of York has appointed the Rev. William A. Stanbridge, formerly Curate of Dorchester parish church, to the living of Masbrough, near Rotherham, York. The Rev. Lord Victor Alexander Seymour, fourth son of the late Marquis of Hertford, has been appointed Vicar of Carshalton, Surrey. The Master and Fellows of St. John's College, Cambridge, have conferred the living of Summinghill, Berks, on the Rev. James Snowdon, head master of the grammar school and perpetual Curate of Holy Trinity, Richmond, Yorkshire. The living of Christ Church, Cheltenham, rendered vacant by the death of Canon Fenn, has been presented by the Simeon Trustees to the Rev. Christopher Venn-Childe, Vicar of St. Mary, Kilburn.

In London last week 2558 births and 1507 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 205, and the deaths 256, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

Lord Windsor cut the first turf of the projected Barry Dock and Railway, near Cardiff, yesterday week. The company was promoted by the Cardiff freighters and Rhondda Colliery proprietors, with a capital of over £1,000,000. The dock is to be forty acres in extent, and lies at a distance of about eight miles from the port of Cardiff.

Some alarm has been caused at Stoke Newington by the reported discovery of explosive bombs in a disused shed near Aysome-road. Two labourers who were at work in the place dug up a number of what seemed to be small cannon balls, and, before the men could remove them, some boys got hold of them and distributed them. It is not known how many were found, but eleven have been recovered. They resemble shrapnell shells, and must have been buried underground for a long time, so eaten away is the iron with rust.

The Duke of Northumberland has, it is stated, decided to make a substantial permanent reduction in the rents of his agricultural tenants.—Lord Tollemahe, whose tenantry in Suffolk have suffered severely from the low prices of grain, has adopted a system which is practically the introduction of the sliding scale into rents. When wheat fell to about 42s., Lord Tollemahe remitted to his Suffolk tenants 15 per cent in rent; and on the vast supplies from the East driving the price of corn down to 34s., his Lordship made a further reduction of 20 per cent, making together 35 per cent. His Lordship will continue this arrangement.

THE NILE EXPEDITION: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



GENERAL VIEW OF ASSUAN, WITH THE ENTRANCE TO THE FIRST CATARACT.



THE MUDIR'S HOUSE, DONGOLA.



HOSPITAL AT WADY HALFA: ARRIVAL OF SICK MEN FROM THE FRONT.

CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, Nov. 19.

Something has at last been done to bring the general money market up to the point at which our relation to the foreign exchanges is materially improved, and not only is some of the demand for gold transferred to other centres, but gold is being received here, as the result of bills being taken for Continental banks. This is the natural result of the rates prevailing on the Continent being greatly below those current here. In Paris, for example, bills may be discounted at 2½ per cent per annum, as compared with about 4½ with us; and as the French establishments are rich and confident, and have, besides, channels for doing a foreign business, they are not likely to let the present opportunity pass. In New York the accumulation of unemployed resources has made further progress, but there is no sign yet of a return of confidence, and in both London and Amsterdam failures of magnitude have recently taken place. On balancing, therefore, it is clear that the difficulty which has pressed upon this market for several weeks past is still with us, though it is undoubtedly losing size.

These circumstances more or less control the stock markets, particularly as regards international and money-market stocks, but Home Railways have gained ground almost without exception, though only in London and Brighton stocks is the advance of real importance. As the supply of stock proved rather short at the last settlement, the harder condition of the market is attributed to it. There is still no progress in the American Railway difficulty. Towards the end of last week it seemed as if an arrangement was in sight, but Monday's telegrams were taken as indicating not only continued competition, but even more widespread confusion. For two or three days an upward tendency prevailed in prices, but there is now a reaction. Some Canadian Railway securities have moved with these changing circumstances. Mexican Railway stocks have been still further benefited by the report issued within the past few days.

Competition is sooner or later reduced in bad times, however keenly it may exist for a while. The directors of the Anglo-Egyptian Bank have just announced that the stoppage of the Commercial Bank of Alexandria offered an opportunity "for taking over without cost a considerable portion of the business of that bank," and that "it was availed of." Moreover, the chairman of that company (Mr. T. S. Richardson) was invited to join the board of the Anglo-Egyptian Bank, and he has done so. The dividend for the past half-year is 4 per cent per annum.

For the fourth consecutive half-year the directors of the Trust and Loan Company of Canada announce a dividend of 6 per cent per annum. Further, £3234 is to be carried to reserve, thereby increasing that fund to £151,713, or very little short of 50 per cent of the paid-up capital (£325,000). This reserve is a much more real reserve than is sometimes heard of, as it is invested in Stock Exchange securities of a very high class.

After paying 9 per cent per annum for eight years, the directors of the Oriental Gas Company are able for 1883-4 to raise the dividend to 10, besides making a material addition to the reserve fund. T. S.

LITERATURE.

The visit of Tawhiao, King of the Maoris, was one of the amusements of the last London season. We have, in former years, had much to say of the romantic scenery, mountain, forest, lake, and wondrous boiling springs, of the North Island of New Zealand. In a handsome volume, illustrated by many beautiful engravings, which is entitled *The King Country* (Sampson Low and Co.), Mr. Kerry Nicholls relates his visit to Tawhiao, at a grand "runanga" or meeting of the Maoris, held in October, 1882, and his expeditions, some months later, to the Hot Springs, the central Lake Taupo, the highest mountain summits, those of Tongariro and Ruapehu, both of which he ascended, and the unexplored forest regions westward, between Taupo and the Whanganui, to the south, and in a north-west direction to the Waipa valley. He observes and describes well, and few recent books on New Zealand show us anything like the amount of novel features, both of natural scenery and in the condition of the native tribes, that he presents to our notice. Tawhiao at home seems to be really a great and dignified personage, being the son of Te Wherowhero (King Potatau II.), who was the son of Potatau I., elected King in 1858, this Royal family tracing its ancestry to Hotonui, who came to New Zealand in one of the mythical canoes of the ancient migration from Hawaiki, probably the Sandwich Islands. "Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?" Mr. Kerry Nicholls gives an interesting account of his visit to the residence of the Maori monarch at Whatiwhathoe, on the Waipa river, not far from the infant colonial town of Alexandra, which is a hundred miles south of Auckland. He did not then get the permission he asked to explore the wild regions inhabited only by natives south-west of Lake Taupo, though his request was backed by a letter from Sir George Grey, but he afterwards found his way into the forbidden land by a different route. Passing over his description of Lake Rotorua, with its cascades of hot water, beautiful steppes and terraces of white or variegated silica, and the plains of pumice-stone, the geysers and steam-jets of that field of aqueous volcanoes, already known to most readers of travel, we accompany the author to the shores of Taupo, in the middle of the island, a lake of immense depth, supposed to be the crater of an extinct volcano, from which the large river Waikato flows northward to the sea. The student of physical geography will find this part of the book very interesting, while the amateur of Alpine Club adventures will delight in the climbing of Tongariro and Ruapehu. The feat does not appear, in either of these cases, to be nearly so formidable as Mr. Green's ascent of Mount Cook, in the Southern Islands, where the mountains have a more Alpine character, with precipitous cliffs, glaciers, and chasms in the rocks, vaster and more terrific than Switzerland can show. Tongariro and Ruapehu, on the contrary, are mountains of volcanic formation, encumbered with masses of lava and scoria, difficult and laborious to ascend, with much ice and snow at the elevation of 8000 ft. or 9000 ft. Mr. Kerry Nicholls, accompanied by Mr. J. A. Turner, surmounted the obstacles, and obtained a thorough acquaintance with the upper region, which is regarded by the Maoris with superstitious awe. His subsequent devious wanderings around the outskirts of the central mountain group add somewhat to our previous knowledge of New Zealand geography; and the excellent map appended to this volume affords good help to its correct understanding. The reader must not expect to find here any practical information about the colonial settlements; but, as an original study of wild nature, "The King Country" is a capital book.

The problem of Hamlet's character, which has been discussed by eminent literary critics, philosophical moralists, psychologists, and medical experts in the phases of insanity, recurs as a topic of controversy whenever a master of stage representation, like Mr. Irving or Mr. Wilson Barrett, sets it before the public in a fresh point of view. This is a good

opportunity for directing attention to a learned and thoughtful essay, by a Mr. Jacob Feis, on *Shakspeare and Montaigne* (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.). Mr. Feis, though he writes English with much point and force, uses some German idioms, but is accurately conversant with the lives and writings of Shakspeare's contemporaries, and especially with the circumstances attending Florio's English translation of Montaigne, and its probable alliance, in his opinion at least, with the school of dramatists headed by Ben Jonson about the time when the first and second editions of "Hamlet" were printed. It was remarked by John Sterling so long ago as 1838, that not only do many passages of Shakspeare's play seem to be "apparent transferences" from the French author's meditations on human life, but that "the Prince of Denmark himself is very nearly a Montaigne, lifted to a higher eminence, and agitated by more striking circumstances and severer destiny, and altogether a somewhat more passionate structure of man." A German writer, G. F. Stedefeld, regarding Hamlet as "the Drama of the Doubter," in 1871 started the theory of Shakspeare having purposely designed to illustrate the pernicious mental tendency of that unsettled and inconsistent state of opinion, regarding questions of religion and morality, which prevailed in England, as well as in France and Italy, towards the end of the sixteenth century, and which is amply reflected by the Essays of Montaigne. We cannot indorse all the observations made by Mr. Jacob Feis upon this interesting subject, but his analysis of Montaigne's thoughts and sentiments is very acute, particularly where he shows that the Frenchman, though in general a free-thinker, remained under the influence of Roman Catholic theological doctrines, and of superstitions equally confessed in "Hamlet," which Shakspeare is not likely to have personally entertained. There is in the British Museum a copy of Montaigne with Shakspeare's name written in it by his own hand. Half a dozen contemporary plays, Ben Jonson's "Poetaster" and "Volpone," "The Return from Parnassus," by an unknown author, with the "Satiromastix" of Dekker, on the other side, and possibly also the "Malcontent" and "Eastward Ho," in which Jonson, Marston, and Chapman had part, are cited by Mr. Jacob Feis to show the mutual hostility of different literary factions; and he believes that one bone of contention between them was the dispute concerning the merits of Montaigne. We think his arguments are overstrained, and many of the supposed allusions to Shakspeare and to "Hamlet" appear to us more than questionable; but there can be little doubt that Shakspeare had read Montaigne, and had made some use of the French author's reflections in the "Tempest" as well as in "Hamlet." It is scarcely credible, however, that one of his grandest dramatic creations should have been intended for a purpose of ephemeral controversy with such unworthy opponents.

It would be foolish in these days to attempt accounting for the reason why a book is written. Nobody, however, who has read Lady Holland's admirable biography of her father, Sydney Smith, will object to another memoir of that shrewd writer and brilliant humorist. *A Sketch of the Life and Times of the Rev. Sydney Smith*, by Stuart J. Reid (Sampson Low), has several claims on the attention of the reader. It is "based on family documents and the recollections of personal friends," it is written with great ability, and it exhibits, as intimated by the title, a picture of the times as well as of the man. Biographers, indeed, are fond of clustering contemporary characters around the central figure, but they are not always so successful as Mr. Reid has proved himself to be. To give even an outline of a volume so rich in anecdote and suggestiveness is impossible in the brief space at our disposal. The writer has been fortunate in obtaining materials from Sydney Smith's grand-daughter, and several living persons who knew the distinguished Canon of St. Paul's have recorded the impression which he made upon them. It is invariably a pleasing one. Sydney Smith was a fearless and conscientious man, as well as a great wit. His judgments were always honest, his friendships always true and warm, and, in spite of eccentricities, there was a daily beauty in his life which won the hearts alike of rich and poor. Although he lived in the country and made himself happy there, he had as strong a relish for London as Johnson or Charles Lamb. "The country," he said, "is a kind of healthy grave," and he declared that "all the delusions of flowers, green turf, and birds are not worth an hour of rational conversation; and rational conversation in sufficient quantities is only to be had from the congregation of a million of people in one spot." This opinion, coming from such a man, is not unreasonable; for, like Johnson, Sydney Smith felt most conscious of his power in talk. He grudged the way in which Macaulay, that "book in breeches," indulged in monologue; but Mr. Reid says he also was inclined to take the lion's share of conversation, though in a more pointed and sparkling manner. And if he liked well to be heard, he could also listen—sometimes. The Whigs had no stronger supporter than Sydney Smith, and not one with half his wit; yet he was far from gaining the preferment he expected. When O'Connell was offered a place in the Ministry, it was said the Whigs could forgive and forget. "Yes," was the retort, "they forgive O'Connell and forget Sydney Smith." Possibly, as in the case of Swift, though with far less reason, the wit of the divine was a bar to his preferment. "It is no use," says his biographer, "attempting to disguise the fact that Sydney Smith, notwithstanding his ability and goodness, lacked some of the essential qualifications for a bishopric; and the best friends both of the witty Canon and the Church of England can scarcely have desired to see the author of Peter Plymley and Dame Partington in lawn sleeves."

Mr. Richard Grant White is a clever and by no means ungenerous critic, and Englishmen have no reason to complain of his friendly satire. *The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys, with the Episode of Mr. Washington Adams in England, and an Apology* (Sampson Low), contains indeed far more serious charges against his own country than against England. It may be well to summarise his account of the political and social condition of the United States. Within a generation society is said to have greatly deteriorated. Personal honesty has become the rarest of virtues except public probity, which seems no longer to exist. Congress is known to be the most corrupt body in civilised Christendom; and men occupying the highest positions are purchasable at a small price. Judges are open to bribes; and every position in America is sought with a single eye to pecuniary profit. Education by the State fails to benefit the State; and, in spite of the three million and a half dollars spent yearly in New York on public schools, "the only justification of which is the elevation of the public morals, the making of good citizens and intelligent voters," that city is the most corrupt and the worst governed in the world. Mansfield Humphreys accounts for the political degradation of his country by the remark that "Politicians who do politics as other people do other business must profit, they and their supporters, by their trade. To this condition have manhood suffrage and a paid Legislature brought us. The two, working together, have made money the end, and corruption the means, of political life." And Mr. White, in his own name, counsels English-

men, if they must make a change, to beware of introducing into the State these destructive elements. The story of Mansfield Humphreys is written chiefly to serve a purpose apart from that of the novelist, but none the less is it well worth the reading. Lord and Lady Toppingham and Sir Charles and Lady Boreham are by no means ill-natured sketches of our aristocracy. They are true to the life, although they do not represent a class, and the heroine, Margaret Duffield, is charming. The Washington Adams episode is amusing; but we doubt whether a true gentleman would ever have played such a part before ladies whom he had never seen and in a house he had never previously entered. The "Apology" at the end of the volume would be more interesting if it were less desultory; and surely Mr. White is too hard upon Anthony Trollope, who, whatever his faults may be, was one of the most honest of writers. We may add too our surprise at the statement that the term "Britisher" is constantly applied to themselves by the English. To our ears, it is as rare as Margaret Duffield's designation of trees as "handsome."

OBITUARY.

SIR JOSEPH NAPIER, BART.

Sir Joseph Napier, second Baronet, late Captain Royal Welsh Fusiliers, died on the 13th inst., at his residence, Raglan, Portslade, Sussex. He was born May 28, 1841, the second son of the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Napier, Bart., M.A., LL.D., D.C.L., the eminent lawyer, Lord Chancellor of Ireland in 1858. He was formerly a Captain in the 23rd Regiment (Royal Welsh Fusiliers), and succeeded to the title, at his father's death, Dec. 9, 1882. He married, November, 1864, Maria, second daughter of Mr. Joseph Mortimer, of Weymouth, Dorset.

SIR W. WRIGHT.

Sir William Wright, of Sigglesworth Hall, East York, J.P. and D.L., died on the 11th inst., at his seat near Hull. He was born June 21, 1812, the eldest son of Mr. George Wright, a Liverpool merchant, and was for many years chairman of the Hull Dock Company, as well as chairman of the River Humber Conservancy Commissioners; and received the honour of knighthood in 1869, on the occasion of the opening of the Albert Dock at Hull by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. He married, first, June 2, 1841, Jane, daughter of Mr. William Shaw, of Woodfield House, Huddersfield, which lady died 1854; and secondly, May 21, 1859, Jane, daughter of the Rev. Charles Cory, Vicar of Skipsea. By his first wife he had three sons and four daughters, and by his second an only son. Sir William, an amateur farmer, was well known as a breeder of stock, and was the writer of some prize essays on agriculture.

SIR R. P. MARETT.

Sir Robert Pilon Mareth, Bailiff of Jersey, died on the 10th inst. He was born in 1820, the eldest son of Major Peter Daniel Mareth, H.E.I.C.S., and was educated at Caen and Paris. In 1840 he was admitted an Advocate of the Royal Court of Jersey; from 1856 to 1858 was Connétable of St. Heliers, and its representative in the Legislative Assembly; from 1858 to 1866, Solicitor-General of Jersey; and from 1866 to 1880, Attorney-General. Since the latter year, he was bailiff of the island. The honour of knighthood was conferred in 1880 upon him by patent. Sir Robert married, in 1865, Julia Anne, daughter of Mr. Philip Mareth.

MR. HAMOND, OF PAMPISFORD HALL.

Mr. William Parker Hamond, of Pampisford Hall, in the county of Cambridge, and Haling, Surrey, died at the former residence on the 12th inst., aged fifty-seven. He was J.P. and D.L. for Cambridgeshire, served as its High Sheriff in 1879, and was a Barrister. The Hamonds are an old Surrey family, descended from Sir William Hamond, of Carshalton, one of the South Sea Directors.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Major-General Blackford, late 24th Regiment, at Sheringham, on the 13th inst., aged seventy-eight.

Mr. John Crow Richardson, of Pant-y-gwydr, Swansea, and of Glanbrydan Park, Carmarthenshire, J.P., High Sheriff 1881, on the 10th inst., in his seventy-fifth year.

The Hon. Jane Mary Winn, only daughter of the late Hon. George A. Way Allanson Winn, of Warley Lodge, and sister of the late Lord Headley, on the 13th inst., at the age of seventy-two.

Lieut.-Colonel Francis Henry Pender, late commanding 1st Battalion 25th (King's Own Borderers), J.P. for Cornwall, on the 12th inst., at his seat, Budock-vean, near Falmouth, in his sixtieth year.

Commander John Douglas, on the Reserved Half-pay List, at the age of eighty-seven years. The deceased, who entered the Navy in 1812, was one of the few survivors of the battle of Algiers, and had been in receipt of a naval pension of £50 a year since 1868.

Mr. Cornelius Tongue, of Trysull, a great authority on sporting subjects, and, in his younger days, an ardent follower of the chase, at the age of eighty-four. He wrote a good deal under the nom de plume of "Cecil," and was the author of "Records of the Chase," published by Routledge and Sons.

Mrs. Rossborough Colclough, of Tintern Abbey, in the county of Wexford, recently. This lady, the representative of the ancient and distinguished family of Colclough, succeeded to the estates by a decree of the Court of Chancery in 1853. She was born July 9, 1811, the daughter and heiress of Mr. Caesar Colclough, of Duffrey Hall, Chief Justice of Prince Edward's Island; and married, Jan. 12, 1848, Mr. J. T. Rossborough, who took by Royal license, in 1853, the additional surname and arms of Colclough, and died in 1869, leaving four daughters as coheirs.

The Channel Squadron, under command of Vice-Admiral the Duke of Edinburgh, arrived at Gibraltar on Monday.

The first meeting of the 131st session of the Society of Arts was held on Wednesday, when the opening address was given by Sir Frederick Abel, chairman of the Council.

Mr. John J. Austin has been elected secretary of the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, City-road, in the place of Mr. C. Lowther Kemp, deceased.

An influential conference of gentlemen of all political parties was held at the Westminster Palace Hotel on Tuesday, in support of the scheme for an imperial federation of the mother country and colonies. Mr. W. E. Forster presided.

A number of estates in various counties were put up for sale yesterday week in the Land Courts at Dublin. In nearly every case the attempt to sell proved abortive, there being no bidders, or the sum offered being inadequate.

Early last Saturday morning, Miss Keyes, a maiden lady of independent means, about seventy years of age, was found to have been murdered in her house at Babbicombe Glen, near Torquay, the place having been subsequently set on fire by the assassin. An arrest has been made.

OUR PARSON.

You would scarcely find a more estimable man than our Parson, the Rev. Septimus Barr Lamb, who most truly does his duty in that state of life unto which he has been called. The state is that of being Rector of Great-Billing-with-Little-Cooing; and the duty, therefore, is that which is required of a country parson not only in the church, but out of it. As to the duty that he does within the church, I do not wish to enlarge upon it; I only desire to say that he goes through it with reverence and conscientious care, and that he remembers that he is speaking to some who are not very young, and who resemble Dame Emily Spearing, in that they are very hard of hearing; wherefore he does not mumble, but speaks out loudly and clearly, so as to be distinctly heard in the farthest corners of the church. He also remembers that, except the family of the Squire—who is a Baronet—and the tenant-farmers, his congregation chiefly consists of those who do not possess much "book-learning," and were born before Board-schools were invented; so, when he preaches, he chooses the plainest words that he can find, and puts them in the clearest way, and does not weary them with lengthy sermons.

Our Parson's parish is purely agricultural, and in the very heart of Loamshire. Its population, all told, is not much above a couple of hundred; for Great Billing is but a scattered village, with Little Cooing for its hamlet. To the villagers the Rectory is a centre of charity, civility, and culture. The liberal education that our Parson has received makes him at home with his Squire's family, and has taught him to be familiar with the poorest cottager. Unfortunately, Mr. Lamb is a widower, without children; but a staid and faithful house-keeper rules the Rectory with a gentle sway, and sees to the kitchen physic that is needed by sick and poor parishioners.

It cannot be said of our Parson, as is said of his neighbour, the Vicar of Dozeleigh-cum-Leathey, that, on the first day of the week, he is inaudible, and, on the other six, invisible; for Mr. Lamb rarely goes from home, and passes his life among his people. Nor is he a hunting parson, although he is glad when the hounds meet in his Squire's park, and always makes a point of walking there to see them throw off. But it certainly cannot be said of him, as was said of a hunting parson, more than three centuries ago, by Robert Herrick, who was himself a Devonshire Vicar:—

Old Parson Beans hunts six days of the week;
And, on the seventh, has his notes to seek;
Six days a week he hollows so much breath away,
That, on the seventh, he can nor preach nor pray.

And, although our Parson is fond of an occasional throw of the fly in the trout-stream that flows through his parish, yet the couplet of the parson-poet Crabbe could scarcely be applied to him—

Fiddling and fishing were his arts; at times,
He alter'd sermons and he aim'd at rhymes.

And I think that Mr. Lamb did not altogether agree with the Reverend Sydney Smith, when that witty Yorkshire Rector wrote to a friend:—"I give up fly-fishing; it is a light, volatile, dissipated pursuit. But ground-bait, with a good steady float, that never bobs without a bite, is an occupation fit for a Bishop, and in no way interferes with sermon-making."

But the point in which our Parson—in all other respects so estimable a man—may be regarded as a failure, is his inability to comprehend those agricultural operations and pursuits in the midst of which he passes his life. Great-Billing-with-Little-Cooing is a college living, and the Rev. Septimus Barr Lamb accepted it, after being many years a Fellow of Brazenose, where he learned very little of country life, beyond what he read in the Georgics of Virgil. His income as Rector comes to him from Tithe Commutation, and is paid in two half-yearly cheques; so he has not the worries of a farm, and does not "keep his glebe on his own hands," as Sydney Smith said of the dirty-fisted Parson who faced him at the whist-table. Thus, he has not knowledge forced upon him by the letting of land, the rotation of crops, the housing of beasts, or the search for a reliable tenant. From such cares he is free. Yet, in certain things, he much resembles that other Fellow of a College who, when presented to a rural living, asked a friend to pay him a visit as soon as he had got into residence; and added, in perfect good faith, "I have a nice little green field attached to the Rectory. I mean to keep a couple of sheep, and we shall have mutton kidneys fresh every morning for breakfast."

Without doubt, our Parson—even if he cannot tell the difference between a turnip and a mangold-wurzel—yet knows a calf from a cow; and he would not, in his sermon on the Prodigal Son, go so far as that fashionable preacher in town who described the fatted calf in the parable as being an animal who had been a special pet of the family for many years. But Mr. Lamb utterly fails to discriminate the varieties of sheep when he hears them spoken of as wethers, and gimmers, and hogs and lamb-hogs. In fact, he betrayed his ignorance, the other day, when he said to one of his farmers, "I did not know that you kept so many pigs; but why do you clip their bristles?" The farmer opened wide his eyes and replied, "I've only got a few porkets and store-pigs; and I never clip their bristles." "But," said his Rector, "you advertise in the *Loamshire Gazette* that you have for sale eighty-five clipped hogs; and, on reading this, I was much surprised to find that you dealt so largely in pigs; and I wondered why you should clip them before you sold them. But I have heard of pigs' bristles being used for house-painters' brushes." The farmer could scarcely make his Rector comprehend that he was desirous only to part with some sheared sheep. Our Parson could not understand why sheep should be called hogs, which was a word that, to his mind, only conveyed the idea of swine. And when, on another day, another farmer, on returning from market, told him that he found suckers and strong stores had gone down, but that hogs and hoggets were firm, Mr. Lamb wisely contented himself with saying, "Indeed!" Nevertheless, he wondered whether the suckers and strong stores had gone, and for what reason the hoggets and hogs remained firm.

He regarded a hog as the denizen of a sty; and he had laughed at the scene in "Joseph Andrews," where Fielding is said to have drawn the character of the eccentric Parson Trulliber from the Rev. Mr. Oliver who had been his private tutor. It may be remembered that Parson Trulliber was wont to drive his own hogs to market, and that Parson Adams found him, with a pail in his hand, just come from serving his hogs. Whereupon, Parson Trulliber, taking him for a dealer, pushed him into the sty, insisting that he should handle the hogs before he would talk one word with him: and, the complacent Parson Adams, having laid hold of one by his tail, the unruly beast gave a sudden spring, and threw the Parson into the mire; upon which, Parson Trulliber, instead of assisting him to get up, burst into a laugh; and, entering the sty, said to Adams, with some contempt, "Why! dost thou not know how to handle a hog?" Parson Adams replied, "*Nihil habeo cum porcis*: I am a clergyman, sir; and am not come to buy hogs."

To our Parson, it seemed nonsense to speak of sheep as hogs; and why horned cattle should be called steers, and

drapes, and stirks was a jargon to which he could not get accustomed. But he greatly desired to show sympathy with his parishioners by taking an interest in their occupations; and it was his wish that he could display to them some knowledge of their pursuits. But it was hard work; and, with all his well-meaning, he fell into mistakes. Yet, when he did so, it was not without more than one illustrious precedent. For example, when Sir John Sinclair was President of the Board of Agriculture, he said to General Fitzroy, when looking over his farm, "Your wheat is very backward." The crop happened to be young barley. And when the great Lord Erskine was once riding in Norfolk with Mr. Coke, he pointed to something growing in a drilled field, and said, "What beautiful lavender!" It was not lavender, but young wheat.

"You prayed, Sir, yesterday, for fine weather;" said a parishioner to our Parson, one Monday morning; "and my turnips have got the fly. Now, a good downpour, and a thunderstorm or two, would set them all right." Mr. Lamb knew as little about the nature of turnips as did his namesake Charles Lamb, who, coming to town one day on the Enfield coach, was worried by the remarks of an agricultural fellow-traveller concerning the weather and the crops. At last came the inquiry, "How do you think the turnips will come out, Sir?" On which Lamb replied, with his little stutter, "I suppose it will all depend on the b-boiled legs of m-mutton!"

"I'm thinking of washing next week!" said Farmer Jones, one day, when in converse with our Parson, who looked at his far-from-cleanly hands and face, and thought that a good tubbing would be highly beneficial to him. But Mr. Lamb simply replied, "Oh, you're thinking of washing next week, are you, Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, Sir!" was the answer. "You see, I didn't wash myself last year: neighbour Brown washed for me. You see, it was a dry season, and I was almost out o' water." By slow degrees, Mr. Lamb arrived at the idea that Farmer Jones was referring to the annual washing of sheep.

I will only mention one other instance of our Parson's inability to understand agricultural operations. One day that he was walking by a rough field covered with bright green thistles, he met the farmer to whom the field belonged. Mr. Lamb, by way of being civil and commencing a conversation that should prove interesting to his parishioner, said, "What is that crop?" The farmer replied, "That is fallow;" pronouncing the last word as "follow." When said Mr. Lamb, "And a very fine crop of follow it is!" but how closely it resembles the common thistle! The farmer had a lurking suspicion that his Rector was chaffing him, and surlily muttered, "It's nowt but heavy clay! It ain't bad farming!" Whereupon, our Parson, without in the least comprehending the purport of this observation, passed on his way, sustained by the dreamy conviction that he had made himself exceedingly civil to his parishioner.

CUTHBERT BEDE.

ART NOTES.

The series of sporting pictures entitled "The Run of the Season," now on view at Mr. Tooth's gallery in the Haymarket, shows a praiseworthy effort to cope with a very difficult problem. There has never been any lack of encouragement in this country to painters of sporting pictures; nevertheless, outside the humourists like Leech and Caldecott, those who have attempted to depict the vicissitudes of the hunting-field might be numbered on one's fingers. The British school has never lacked animal-painters from the earliest times, but even Landseer loved to throw expression rather than motion into his dogs and stags; and Mr. Briton Riviere, in the present day, stretches this principle to its utmost limit, to the gratification of his many admirers. Mr. Thomas Blinks shows, in the four episodes which mark the "Run of the Season," that he is not frightened by the technical difficulties of his task. In the first picture, "The Trail," the hounds are just bursting from the covert; in the second, "Gone!" they are in full cry over the fields, little conscious of the dangers which await them at the brook, where they are to be suddenly thrown off the scent, and one of them, in his headlong eagerness, is to meet with an ugly fall over the rocky bank. But the check at the brook is only temporary, and, after another run, Master Reynard is caught just before he can make good his escape into the shelter of an inviting "earth." There is plenty of motion, if not always of the most anatomically correct kind, in the dogs and horses; but in the latter, Mr. Blinks is scarcely as happy as in the former, which are generally well drawn, and are grouped with spirit and taste. When one remembers the popularity of nearly half a century attained by Fores' Hunting Sketches, it may be fairly anticipated that the "Run of the Season," in its engraved state, will be found in many hunting-boxes in the shires, and where the love of our national sport remains undiminished.

Mr. J. Denovan Adam has been elected an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy.

The new gallery of the British Museum, containing the sculptures of the Mausoleum, is open to the public.

An exhibition in black and white will be opened by Mr. J. P. Mendoza at St. James's Hall next Monday.

A Bouguereau exhibition is in preparation at Messrs. Goupil's galleries. Both present and past examples of the artist's work will be shown, one item being M. Bouguereau's recent Salon picture, "The Triumph of Bacchus."

As the new water-colour gallery now building at Burlington House will not be ready till the spring, it has been decided to postpone until 1886 the exhibitions of Turner water-colour drawings, which was to have been a special feature of this next winter exhibition. It is not the intention of the Royal Academy to include a special collection of the works of the late James Ward, R.A., in the next winter exhibition.

Tuesday's *Gazette* contains a list of the Royal Commission appointed to promote the Colonial and Indian Exhibition which it is proposed to hold in London in 1886. The list, headed by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Connaught, and the Duke of Cambridge, occupies about seven columns of the *Gazette*, and the names include those of gentlemen of the highest influence not only in this country but also in India and the colonies. The chief native rulers in India will also give their assistance to the project. Sir P. Cunliffe Owen is appointed secretary of the Commission.

A committee has been formed, with the Archbishop of Canterbury as honorary president, to raise some memorial in honour of the late Dr. Samuel Rabbeth, who sacrificed his life in attempting to save that of a child from diphtheria, at the Royal Free Hospital, on Oct. 20. The committee ask subscriptions for—(1) The establishment of a memorial medal at the University of London bearing Dr. Rabbeth's name, and a similar medal, or of a scholarship or prize, at King's College. (2) The endowment of a child's cot at King's College Hospital and at the Royal Free Hospital. Memorial tablets will be erected by the committee at the Royal Free Hospital, and by his fellow-students in King's College Chapel.

THE COURT.

The Queen and Princess Beatrice attended Divine service on Sunday morning in the parish church of Crathie. The Rev. Dr. Lees, of St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, officiated. Her Majesty was attended by the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, the Hon. Evelyn Moore, and Major-General Sir John McNeill, K.C.B. The Rev. Dr. Lees and the Rev. A. Campbell had the honour of dining with the Queen. On Monday her Majesty attended the funeral of Willie Blair, her Highland fiddler, who died last week, in his ninety-first year, having for thirty-six years played at every Highland ball the Queen and Prince Consort gave. The remains were interred in the churchyard of Crathie. Her Majesty walks and drives daily. Princess Frederica of Hanover and her husband, Baron Pawel von Rammungen, who had been the guests of the Queen, at Balmoral, for a fortnight, left on the 13th inst. for London.

The Queen and Princess Beatrice left Balmoral on Wednesday afternoon for Windsor.

Her Majesty has appointed the Earl of Durham as Lord Lieutenant of the county of Durham, in succession to the late Marquis of Londonderry; and has conferred the dignity of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath upon the Right Hon. Sir John Macdonald, K.C.B., Prime Minister of the Dominion of Canada. Tuesday's *Gazette* announces that the Queen has appointed his Highness Asaf Jah, Nizam of Hyderabad, to be a Knight Grand Commander of the Order of the Star of India.

The Prince of Wales, attended by Colonel Arthur Ellis and suite, returned to Marlborough House on Thursday week from Eridge Castle, the seat of the Marquis of Abergavenny. Yesterday week the Prince was present at a meeting of the members of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes, at 8, Richmond-terrace, and afterwards returned to Sandringham, rejoining the Princess and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, who remained at Sandringham during the absence of his Royal Highness. On Sunday morning the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, and by the guests stopping at Sandringham, and attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the household, were present at Divine service at Sandringham church. The Rev. F. A. G. Hervey, domestic chaplain to the Prince of Wales, officiated, assisted by the Rev. Edmund Girdlestone, Canon of Bristol and Vicar of Olveston, Gloucestershire, who also preached the sermon. Several members of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes, who had been on a visit to the Prince and Princess by invitation at Sandringham since Saturday, returned to London on Monday. His Royal Highness also came to town, in order to attend a meeting of the commission. Prince Albert Victor attended a meeting of members of Cambridge University interested in the Universities' East London Settlement Association, held in the hall of Trinity College yesterday week, to hear statements as to that undertaking.

CHRISTMAS NUMBERS.

Every year Old Father Christmas thrusts his arms of welcome further in advance, and even now his light literature flutters in our faces.

The Christmas Number of Longman's Magazine has tales by Andrew Lang, the Author of "Reata," Bret Harte, Fabian Bland, Walter Besant, Lennox Peel, Wilkie Collins, and the Author of "Miss Molly"; with coloured illustrations by J. Pettie, R.A., T. Graham, R.S.A., Marcus Stone, A.R.A., R. Doyle, G. Du Maurier, Birket Foster, Walter Crane, and Mrs. Allingham.

Harper's Magazine for Christmas is admirably got up, having six page engravings printed on plate paper, besides numerous exquisite wood-cuts. It contains tales and articles by William Black, Charles Dudley Warner, E. P. Roe, George H. Boughton, Andrew Lang, W. D. Howells, Phil Robinson, E. C. Steadman, and others.

The Winter Number of Society contains stirring tales by Hugh Conway and other authors of note; and with it is given a large cartoon by Phil May, entitled The Seven Ages of Society, in which are given portraits of 200 celebrities of "the court, the camp, the grove," so cleverly sketched as to be easily identified, without the aid of the key which is provided.

The Theatre annual contains stories, reminiscences, and poems by William Archer, J. Ashby Sterry, William Beatty-Kington, E. L. Blanchard, Auston Brereton, F. C. Burnand, H. Savile Clarke, Marie Corelli, Charles Hervey, John Hollingshead, Fred Leslie, Frank A. Marshall, Robert Reece, Clement Scott, J. Palgrave Simpson, George R. Sims, and Herbert Standing. The number also contains engraved portraits, in character, of Mrs. Kendal, Miss Eastlake, Miss Marion Terry, Miss Lingard, Miss Fannie Leslie, Miss Cissy Grahame, Miss Kate Rorke, and Miss Phyllis Broughton.

Messrs. Grant and Co.'s annual consists, as usual, of one tale, of great interest, by R. E. Francillon, entitled "Face to Face, A Fact in Seven Fables."

CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR CARDS.

Assuming that supply and demand are equal, the exchange of Christmas and New-Year Cards must be all but universal. On previous occasions we briefly noticed sundry batches of these cards, manufactured by various firms, and still from other houses samples come pouring in.

Giving place to strangers, we have to introduce Messrs. Wirth Brothers and Owen, of New York, and Long-lane, London, who make their first appearance this year in England as art-publishers, and the few patterns they send of Christmas and New-Year cards are entitled to favourable notice. Many of their cards are emblematical of the season, being winter scenes frosted; and there is a satin sachet in delicate pale blue, with a frosted winter scene impressed.

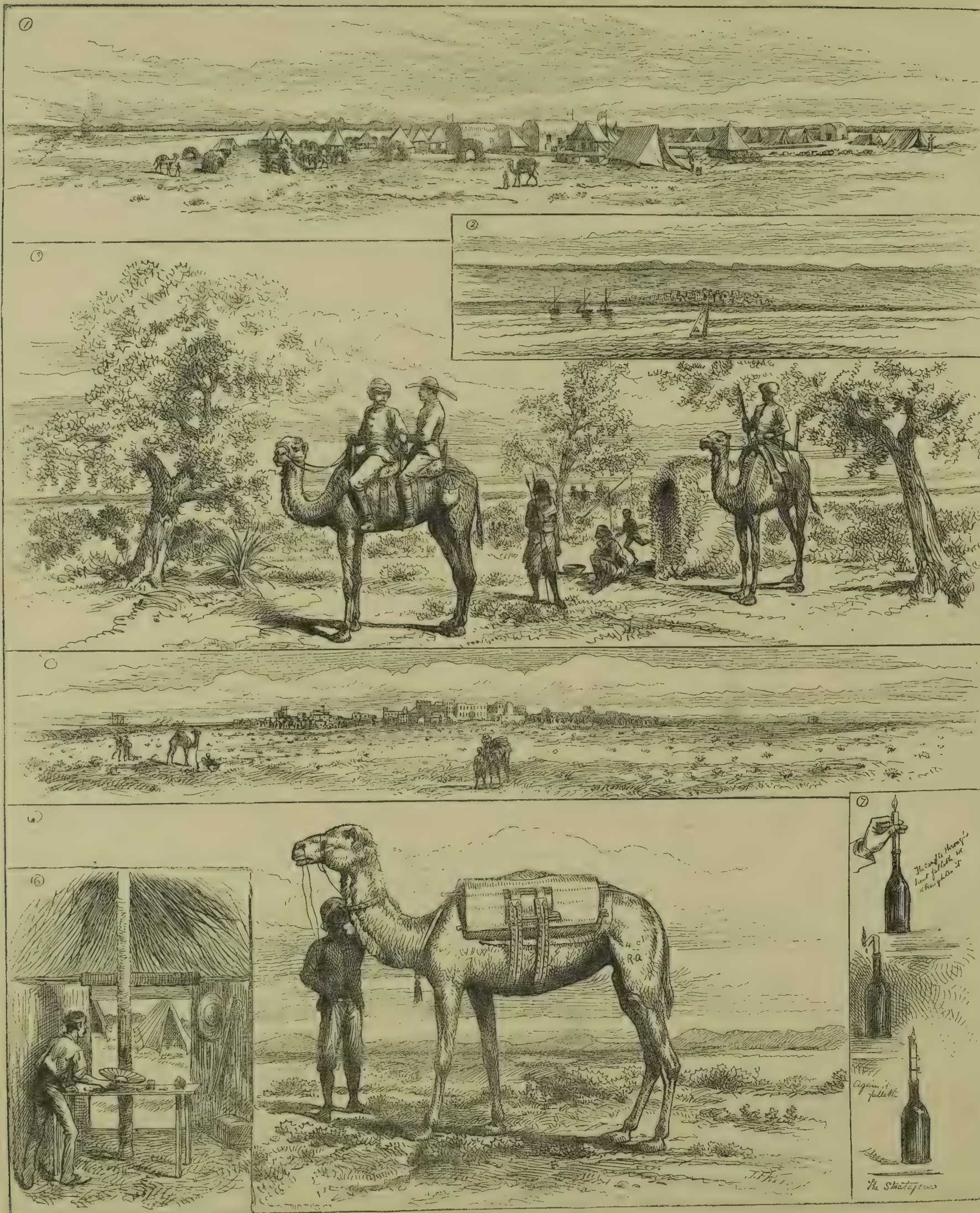
From Messrs. Schwenckert and Wallis, of Fleet-street, we receive some facsimile water-colour cards, the productions of Messrs. Meissner and Buck, of Leipzig—excellent specimens of chromo-lithography, showing great delicacy and careful finish.

Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, of Coleman-street, who have done so much to elevate the artistic standard of Christmas and New-Year cards, are once more to the fore, with evidences of unabated spirit. Their specimens for the present year (filling a large album) comprise many new designs in chromo cards, single and folding, screen and easel cards, portfolio sets, oval and circular chromo plaques, etchings, gilt-edged, satin chromo labels, frosted cards, and silk, fringe, plush, and mechanical cards. A "devotional series," comprising many appropriate designs, forms part of the series.

Mr. Bernhard Ollendorff, of Jewin-street, issues a number of pretty novelties, gracefully designed and carefully printed; and while adults are largely provided for, chiefly with flower subjects, children are not forgotten: there are pussy-cats, so life-like that the sight of them will make the little ones scream with delight.

A pleasing variety of season-cards is issued by Messrs. M. H. Nathan and Co., of Australian-avenue, City. Without being noticeably brilliant, they are sound productions.

Messrs. Philipp Brothers, of Silk-street, publish, they say, four hundred designs; and, judging from the few specimens sent, buyers may fare worse by going further.



1. Camp of the Field Force near Zeylah, on the Somali coast of East Africa.
2. View of Zeylah, from the sea.

3. Halt by a well: officers looking for something to shoot.
4. Town of Zeylah, with the Harrar Gate; view from the south.

5. Driver, camel, and ammunition pack, of the Aden Camel Battery.
6. Consulting the thermometer; 115 degrees in the shade!
7. Our candle in the melting mood.

WITH THE ZEYLAH FIELD FORCE, FROM ADEN: SKETCHES BY AN OFFICER.

In the Gulf of Aden, outside the Bab-el-Mandeb entrance to the Red Sea, the nearest African shore is that of the Somali country, opposite to the British naval and military station of Aden. Here is a large inlet of the coast named Tajurrah Bay, the northern entrance to which is commanded by Obok, a place claimed to belong to the French dominions. On the south side, a little way down the coast, is the Arab seaport of Zeylah, with a caravan road of fourteen days' journey (six days by post with relays of horses) direct to Harrar, a town of the interior, which is the chief market of the infamous Galla slave-trade. The very worst practices anywhere known to be associated with that inhuman traffic are peculiarly rife in connection with the Arab dealings on this coast, the slaves being of a white race, kidnapped in their native land south of Abyssinia, and transported for sale to the cities of Southern

Arabia and of the Persian Gulf. Whatever difficulty there may be in putting a stop at once to the slave-trade of the Soudan on the Nile above Khartoum, it ought to be within the power of the British Government, holding such a position as that of Aden, and with treaty rights of interference long since conceded by Turkey and Egypt, totally to suppress the maritime slave-trade in the Gulf of Aden, where it is probably easier to deal with than along the vastly extended shores of the Red Sea. Berbera, another port on the Somali coast, will require particular attention.

In the meantime, an expedition has recently been sent across from Aden to Zeylah, for the immediate purpose of relieving the Egyptian garrison at Harrar, a body of 3500 troops who have been long in occupation of that town, but have, like all the garrisons in the Soudan, been detested by the

natives as the instrument of cruel oppression. It was apprehended that their retreat, unless aided and protected by a British force, would be exposed to the vengeful fury of their enemies throughout the country. The force dispatched on this service, which is styled the Zeylah Field Force, consists of a half-battery of light field artillery, with three seven-pounder guns, on camels, 150 men of the 4th Bombay Rifles, and a portion of the Aden garrison, under the command of Major Comyn, of the 4th Bombay regiment, the artillery being commanded by Major Brough, R.A., and Lieutenant Geogheghan acting as staff officer. This force left Aden on Aug. 20, landed at Zeylah two or three days afterwards, and encamped in the neighbourhood of that town. Many weeks have passed in compulsory inactivity, the correspondence with the Egyptian garrison at Harrar not being conclusive. It

appears, in this instance, as in the case of several of the garrisons in the Soudan, and possibly of some with whom General Gordon has had to deal, that the troops and their officers, having taken to themselves property, families, and slaves in the country, are not very desirous to leave it. Whether the sense of any danger in remaining where they are is sufficiently real or urgent to induce the Harrar garrison to accept the offer of a safe escort and free passage from the seacoast, we may hereafter be informed; and we shall also know, some day or other, much more than we yet do of the actual state of affairs at Khartoum, at Sennaar, at Kassala, and other places from which the Egyptian troops have shown no great hurry to depart. The Sketches of Zeylah and the Field Force are contributed by Lieutenant L. H. Ducrot, R.A., to whom our thanks are due for sending them, under date of the 2nd ult., from the camp in that sultry climate.

MISS FORTESCUE.

The favourite actress known by this name on the stage, but in private life recognised as Miss Finney, began her theatrical career in April, 1881, at the Opéra Comique, playing the part of Lady Ella in the delightful musical burlesque, "Patience," by Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan. She removed, with the rest of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's company, to the Savoy Theatre, where she performed Celia in "Iolanthe," and she afterwards made her appearance at the Court Theatre, and more recently at the Strand, where she is still playing one of the characters in Henry Byron's comedy, "Our Boys." The portrait of this lady will doubtless be acceptable to the admirers of her talent and accomplishments, and may have some additional interest at the present moment. The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry

Dr. Alexander Bain has been re-elected Lord Rector of Aberdeen University over Lord Randolph Churchill; and Dr. Lushington, ex-Professor of Greek in Glasgow University, has been unanimously elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University, in room of the late Mr. Fawcett.



THE LATE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.

THE LATE LORD LONDONDERRY.

Our last week's Obituary contained a memoir of this nobleman, the Most Hon. Sir George Henry Vane-Tempest, K.P., fifth Marquis of Londonderry, who died on the 5th inst., in the sixty-fourth year of his age. The Portrait now engraved is from a photograph by Mr. Barraud, of Oxford-street, representing his Lordship in the uniform of Vice-Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron. He was uncle to the present Duke of Marlborough and to Lord Randolph Churchill, his sister, Lady Frances Anne Vane-Tempest, having married the late Duke of Marlborough in 1843. The late Marquis, who succeeded to the title of Earl Vane in 1854, and to that of Marquis of Londonderry in 1872, was the Special Envoy to St. Petersburg when the Garter was sent to the Emperor Alexander II. of Russia.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR ON ART.

Archdeacon Farrar gave a lecture at the London Institute, Finsbury-circus, on the 13th inst., on "Art in Schools." He showed that in our places of instruction almost every elevating and refining influence was absent; that whilst we were paying tithes of "mint and anise and cummin" to the three R's we were totally disregarding the wider matters of life and admiration, hope and love, by which we lived. People might go into a city school, and the children would tell them very rapidly how much 27 lbs. of bacon cost at 9½d. per lb., but they had never breathed the fragrance of a lily or so much as seen a bee. We made our schools resemble prisons, when they ought to look like homes; and our teachers were left to toil in wildernesses of squalor when they ought to be surrounded by works of art and all that refreshed the eye and relieved the mind. In fact, Art was made a mere luxury for the rich, when it should be our pride to make it a free gift for the poor. We spent £36,000,000 yearly on education, and yet spared a mere fraction of expense which might help to make school hours more pleasant and school-buildings less repellant. He hoped that education under our present system might not become too burdensome, too artificial, too mechanical, and too heavy a load upon the memory of the young.



THE NILE EXPEDITION: SIELAL, AT THE UPPER END OF THE FIRST CATARACT.



THE NILE EXPEDITION: GENERAL VIEW OF KOROSKO.
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



Mr. Fortisue

From Photo. by Elliott and Fry.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Carlton Club may now presumably smoke the pipe of peace with the Reform Club, and the Montagues of the National Liberal Club mingle in friendly intercourse with the Capulets of the flourishing Constitutional. The Marquis of Salisbury no longer bites his thumb at Earl Granville; and John Bull need no longer cry, "A plague on both your houses"—that is, for the moment—if the good news be true that the Conservative lion has at length consented to lie down with the Liberal lamb, as was in a manner implied by the conciliatory statements of the Parliamentary leaders on the Franchise measure last Monday and Tuesday.

That negotiations for a compromise on this knotty question have been afoot for some time I have previously mentioned. It should be a matter of satisfaction that a basis of agreement was arrived at early in the week, since both Parties have avowed their readiness to enfranchise the numerous body of County householders at present disqualified from returning members to Parliament. Lord Granville in the Lords, and Mr. Gladstone in the Commons, made almost identical overtures to the Opposition leaders, on Monday. When they do agree, their unanimity is wonderful. Earl Granville having in his most amiable and courteous manner offered to disclose the draught of the Government Redistribution Bill, and having guaranteed that the measure would be pushed forward in the Commons if the majority of the Lords, on their side, promised to pass the County Franchise Bill at an early date, the Marquis of Salisbury did not return a direct reply on Monday, but on Tuesday, after consultation with the members of the Conservative Party, the noble Marquis frankly said on the part of the Conservative leaders that they were ready to consider the Ministerial Scheme of Redistribution, and that if they found that measure unobjectionable, there would be no hesitation in giving a promise that the Franchise Bill should pass. While the leader of the Opposition took pains to show that the Conservative Peers had not receded from the position they assumed in July, Earl Granville accepted in good faith his Lordship's offer to co-operate at the eleventh hour in the solution of the problem; and the second reading of the Franchise Bill, moved by the Earl of Kimberley with commendable brevity, was on this understanding not demurred to on Tuesday by their Lordships.

We may now hope that the Franchise Bill will receive the sanction of the Lords, with the stipulation that enfranchise-

ment under the Act will not come into operation until the First of January, 1886. Mr. Gladstone has virtually undertaken that the second reading of the Redistribution Bill shall be moved in the Commons by the time the Franchise Bill reaches the Committee stage in the Upper House; and the Premier likewise on Monday declared that the passing of the Redistribution Bill next year should be made a vital Ministerial question, though the right hon. gentleman deemed it expedient thereafter to qualify this statement. Now that both the great Parties in the State appear to be in a good humour, and thoroughly anxious to work together in harmony for the common weal, I trust that before a twelvemonth is over both the Redistribution and Franchise questions will be satisfactorily settled.

The mournful death of Mr. Fawcett has led to a discreet shuffling of the Ministerial cards. Her Majesty has sanctioned, and the House generally approved, the appointment of Mr. Shaw-Lefevre to the vacant post of Postmaster-General; and the succession of Sir Thomas Brassey to the Secretaryship of the Admiralty in the room of Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, the new Secretary for Ireland. Mr. W. S. Cairne, who joins the Ministry as Civil Lord of the Admiralty in place of Sir Thomas Brassey, has yet to win his spurs as a Minister.

The reassuring news from Egypt of General Gordon's safety at Khartoum up to the 4th of the present month had its sad side, inasmuch as it appeared only too certain from the letter the heroic General wrote to Lord Wolsey that the reported massacre of his devoted friend, Colonel Stewart, and of Mr. Frank Power, the Correspondent of the *Times*, was but too true. Meanwhile, the "Rescue and Retire" policy of the Government in Egypt and the military expedition to Bechuanaland have caused the Chancellor of the Exchequer to add another penny to the Income Tax, which was on Monday last raised to Sixpence! Happy England! Naturally, the considerable increase in taxation of late was made the ground of a smart and effective attack upon the Ministry by Lord George Hamilton, who made a good debating point by contrasting the economical Midlothian precepts of Mr. Gladstone with the extravagant expenditure of the present Government. The Premier's defence was that the increased expenditure was but the outcome of the bequest of trouble and of difficulty left by the late Administration. While the outlook is not encouraging from a financial point of view, there is a dark cloud in the north, at present no bigger

than a man's hand, but likely before long to spread southwards with rapidity. Though the Home Secretary temporarily threw oil on the threatening Crofters' rising in Skye, and silenced Mr. Macfarlane for the moment, there can be no doubt that the murmurs of the Scottish Crofters are the rumblings of the Land storm that Parliament will have to prepare for presently.

THE LATE MR. FAWCETT.

We have been requested to publish the accompanying statement:—"Mrs. Henry Fawcett desires to offer earnest thanks on behalf of herself and her daughter for the messages of grief and sympathy which have reached them from every part of the country, from abroad, and from India. The letters and telegrams which Mrs. Fawcett has received in such large numbers are much valued by her. She believes that the feelings which prompted these messages will also for the present excuse her for not sending a personal acknowledgment of them."

Archdeacon Farrar, preaching last Sunday in Westminster Abbey, alluded to the late Mr. Fawcett, as did also the Rev. T. Teignmouth Shore at St. Margaret's, Westminster, at the special annual service of the League of St. Martin, which is composed of the Post Office employés, several hundreds of whom were present. In many other metropolitan pulpits appropriate references were made to the death of the late Postmaster-General.

On Sunday the officials of the Birmingham post and telegraph offices, accompanied by 300 letter-carriers and telegraph-messengers, marched in procession to St. Martin's church, where a special service was held as a tribute of respect to the memory of Mr. Fawcett.

The result of the Queen's Scholarship examination, qualifying candidates for admission into training colleges, or for the office of teacher, has just been made known by the Educational Department. 2127 males presented themselves for examination in England, Wales, and Scotland, of whom 393 were placed in the first class, 829 in the second, and 217 in third, while 758 failed. Of the 3515 females examined, 714 were placed in the first class, 1372 in the second, and 318 in the third, while the failures amounted to 1111. These results show that about one third of both male and female candidates failed to pass the Government examination.

GWENDOLINE GAYOTTE. By CECIL NIELSON. "The prettiest piece of its school which we have received for some time is 'Gwendoline,' a petite gayette, by Cecil Nielson. The melody will catch the most obtuse ear." The Graphic. Solo or Duet. Is. 6d. net. Duff and Stewart, 2, Hanover-street, W.

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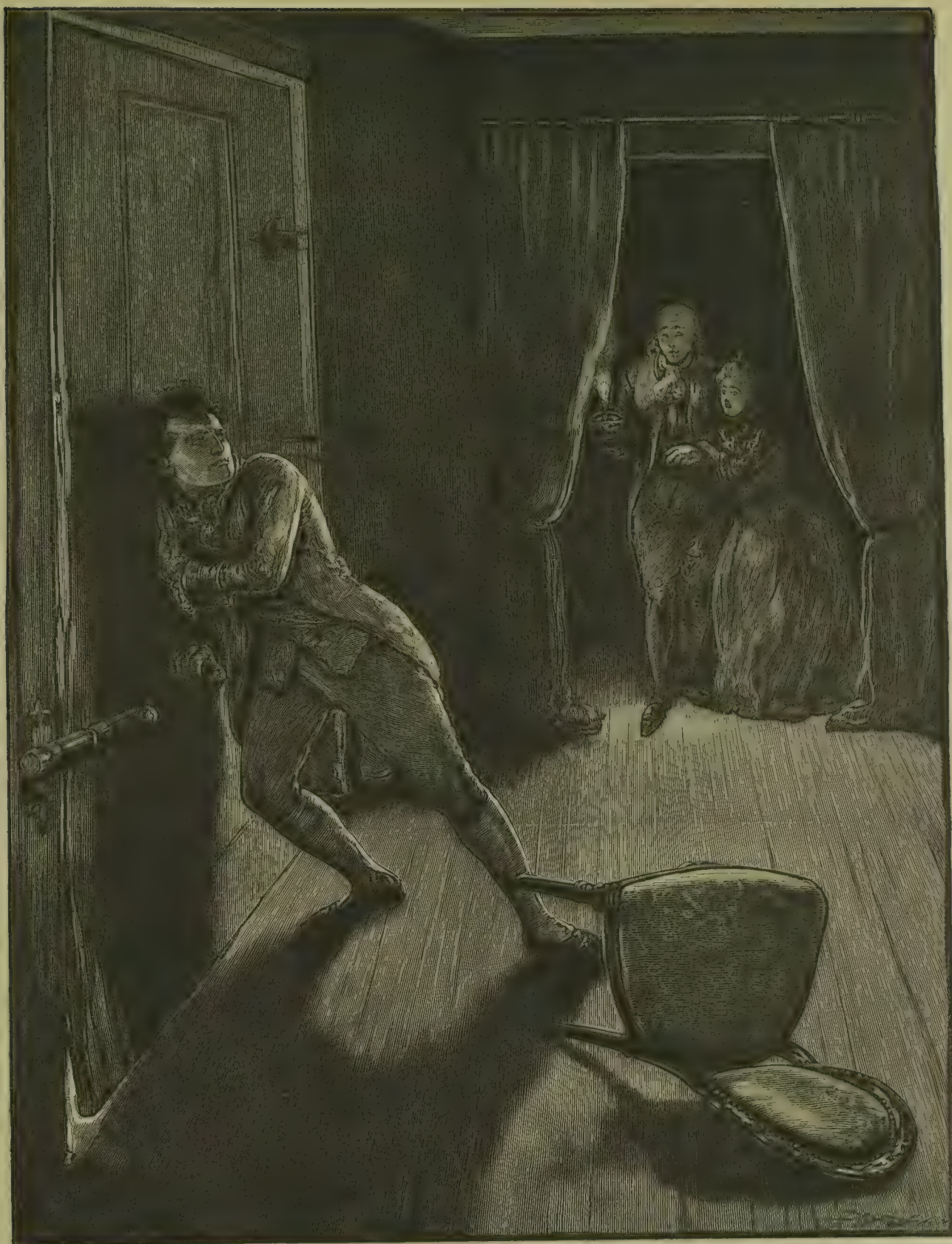
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AUTHOR OF "STRANGE WATERS," "OLYMPIA," "A REAL QUEEN," &c.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

VIVE LA MORT!



bitter disappointment of finding that nothing remained of Monsieur Castellan but a daughter and a son-in-law had not prevented Francis from falling asleep at last: and, when he did sleep, it was always till it was full time to rise. His love for Mabel was too harmonious a part of himself to set heart against head: trusting himself, he trusted her, and so knew how to lie down in his armour, and sleep when there was no other work to be done, like any knight errant of old. But, this night, all of a sudden he woke up with a start: it seemed to him as if somebody were prowling

about his room. But, by rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, he also rubbed the fancy out of his brain, concluding that disappointment had given him some queer sort of a dream. Then, and scarcely till then, he realised how utterly his travels had been thrown away. He was no whit wiser than when he had sailed in the *Maiden*. What was he to do next, and where next was he to go? His geography had mightily

improved, and he no longer imagined that he could exhaustively investigate every nook and corner of South America and the West Indies to boot in somewhere about a year and a day. He had been led by a Will-o'-the-Wisp into a blind alley: he had spent all this time in learning that his clue was in vain.

Of course there was one obvious thing to be done—namely, having done all that a man could do, to go home again. Women do not expect men to achieve the impossible—or, if they do, their ideal does not last very long, and they have to put up with accepting a good hard try. But so right and natural a resource no more occurred, even for a passing moment, to Francis Carew than it would have occurred to the sun to turn back in the sky because he chanced to find himself unable to shine through a bank of clouds. Though lying there alone and in the dark, weary and baffled, and under all the conditions of a broken sleep in a strange room, he was still clear about one thing—that, having undertaken Mabel's quest, he was bound to go on with it, even though he should die without being a step nearer to its end than he was now.

Of course he was stupid. Had Francis Carew been a poet or a man of genius he would have found a hundred brilliant reasons for following the heart that was hungering for Mabel and home. He was ready to give one of his eyes almost in order that the other might have a good sight of Horneck's Steeple, and one of his hands that he might clasp Mabel's with the other. In short he was even more stupid than the man who does not know when he is beat; for Francis Carew knew perfectly well that he was beaten, and yet never dreamed of the possibility of giving in. It was all for Mabel's whim: and if Mabel's whim was to condemn him to life-long exile, then so it must be. There have been other Englishmen of that pattern, to supply a perpetual puzzle to the *confrères* of Doctor Carrel. And it is by such stupidity alone that the Impossible can be achieved.

He was sitting on his bed side straining all his thoughts (for

he had learned to think well enough by this time, especially with Cucumber Jack on his hands) when a long whistle of a peculiar shrillness brought him to the open window.

Now there is nothing very remarkable in hearing a shrill whistle at dead of night. We simply curse the memories of Watt and Stephenson and turn round again to sleep if we can. But Francis Carew, happily for him, had never yet heard of those men's names. And besides, there was something altogether so odd about the whole atmosphere of Les Bouquets that everything that happened seemed to be noteworthy. His experiences of plantations at dead of night was that they were as silent as Stoke Juliot churchyard. But to-night his experience seemed like to undergo a striking change.

The moon had by this time set. But thus all the more were brought into relief dots and flares of light or flame that were gathering together under his window, something as though a giant had been burning paper, and the sparks were chasing one another and crowding together before extinction. Only, unlike such sparks, these lights grew stronger and thicker as they moved, and presently threw a wild and hazy half light over a strange and confused scene. One has seen a sudden crowd grow out of the flagstones of a street, one knows not how: these dark figures seemed to drop from the branches of the trees, or to emerge from their stems. There were men and women, their grotesque garments and their black, brown, or yellow skins changed by the weird and smoky flare into the state where the grotesque passes its own bounds and becomes the terrible. There was an evident attempt at silence: but it was in the fashion of the stage, where silence is represented by only a different sort of noise. From the gathering crowd came a jabbering murmur, representing, now a congregation of apes, and now a flock of wolves.

Francis, during his wanderings through Cuba and elsewhere, had dimly heard tell of midnight mysteries wherein the Africans, though professing and calling themselves Christians, kept up the ancient magical rites of their fore-

fathers, as things at once sacred and without meaning; holding a kind of witch's Sabbath, where all manner of foul and abominable things were done. A padre at Havana had professed to have actually witnessed one of these gatherings: though what he had seen there he dared not or would not reveal. It seemed strange that the childish creatures who allowed themselves to be driven into the field with the lash without the least damage to their gay good-humour should preserve in secret such pagan mysteries as these. But Francis was becoming choke-full of what he would once have scorned as travellers' tales, and there was to his country-bred mind something inherently heathen and devilish about a black skin—the brand, as men held, of the curse of Ham. He was seized with an intense curiosity to see with his own eyes what his passing acquaintance the Spanish padre had seen, expecting to be horrified, and therefore fascinated all the more.

It did not occur to him at the moment to wonder why the devil-worshippers, if such they were, should have chosen to meet under the very shadow of their master's dwelling instead of by the shore of the lake or on some lonely hillside. Waiting for he knew not what, scarcely anything could have surprised him except what he actually saw. The crowd divided, and sprawled or squatted to right or left. But there appeared in the open midst no wizard priest or priestess, but his friend of the balanced bamboo, dressed for all the world like a mountebank at a fair, and holding himself liketen common Emperors rolled into one. His wide-brimmed grass hat was looped up with strips of ribbon or other coloured stuff into an imitation of a three-cornered, or rather multi-cornered cocked-hat, in which waved a gorgeous plume: one broad sash of three colours crossed his breast, and a second was round his waist, while his naked shoulders were adorned with what looked something like a pair of colossal epaulettes, whatever they might really be, and a profusion of ribbons or other stripes fluttered about him wherever a knot could be tied.

Behind this magnificent personage came two others—one, more than half naked and grinning broadly, carrying a coloured shirt hanging from the top of a crooked pole; the other, a coal-black negro, bearing a drum made of a gourd. Francis could not tell whether the assemblage was armed, save with torches, but the affair suggested less a Witch's Sabbath than a rude sort of military parade. And, as if to carry out the notion, the mulatto tapped the drummer sharply with his bamboo, and the drum began to roll.

"Can it be a serenade to the mistress?" thought Francis. "Anyhow, they are queer people, these at Les Bouquets. But what on earth is Jack-in-the-Green there up to now?"

Alcibiade had thrown back his head, folded his arms, and was making a speech, received by his audience with an increase of chatter: What he was saying, therefore, in his Negro-French-Spanish jargon was all the harder to make out: but at last the ears of Francis were struck by four familiar words of evil omen—

"... La Liberté! ... La Mort! ..."

The scene was becoming something much more than strange, especially when the shrill voices of women took up the refrain in a savage cry that rose into a yell mixed with laughter, in barbarous caricature of what he had heard had happened nearer home. Was the great French tragedy being turned into burlesque—the ape playing at being a tiger as well?

A commotion of another sort took place at a point in the outer circle. The eloquence of the mulatto, with its ceaseless drum accompaniment, was evidently having some intoxicating effect—the crowd gathered closer, and torches brandished till a red glare lit up the scene. Francis had no comprehension of the passion excited among these slave creatures by the sudden falling among them from the French skies of that electric word "Freedom," and how it was bound to send them mad, though they knew no more what it meant than some millions of their civilised betters. He did not even know that the word had come. He was as a spectator of a play in a foreign language, and, as the crowd swayed towards the house, he put his face between the bars of his window to get a fuller view.

Scarcely had his face come full into the glare of the torch-light than it was saluted with a howl: and almost at the same moment the report of a gun was followed by the shivering of glass and the whistle of a bullet past his left ear.

"A serenade!" exclaimed he: "it's a mutiny!"

He did not wait to look for his missing pistols—the house must be roused, if it could still be sleeping amid such a din. In hurrying from the room he stumbled and almost fell over a heap lying just outside the door, but he could not wait to see what it was, and ran down the corridor, and then the next, till he reached a door left ajar, through which lamplight shone.

He burst in—there sat Dr. Carrel at his table, as deaf as Archimedes in the siege, poring over his volume of notes, and making pencil marks here and there.

"Doctor!" cried Francis: "there is a mutiny among your slaves!—hark! They are attacking the house—they are armed!"

The Doctor marked his place, and sighed. Could he not secure a single quiet hour? But he preserved his courtesy.

"They, Monsieur?" he asked. "Who are they?"

"Where is Madame? She must be roused: I have proof the devils mean mischief: there is no time to lose. Where is Madame?"

"Truly, thank Providence," reflected the Doctor. "It never rains but it pours! Two mad Englishmen in one day—it is an embarrassment of good things!" But Francis, unlike poor Nance, was not fated to waste his alarm upon that most impenetrable of all Nature's works, the man of one idea. Archimedes himself would have been startled from the most fascinating of problems by the yell which, silenced for a moment by the gun-shot, now burst into a roar.

The Doctor was a brave man—as brave as Francis himself, may be—but he turned pale. Nanette's warning came back to him—it began to sound as if the girl had not been so very mad, after all. And yet—"Impossible—impossible!" said he. "All the children can't be insane: there is no happier, no more contented plantation in the world. It is not that—no."

"But it is that, Doctor Carrel!" exclaimed Francis. "I would say, come and see what I have seen—but there is no time. You know your own house—get out Madame by the other side, and hurry her away. If I can find my man, he'll help me to delay the devils: if not, I'll try my best alone."

It was Francis who now spoke like the master, since something had no longer to be thought of, but done.

The Doctor groaned aloud. "Even in Paradise—even in Paradise! My poor Antoinette!" said he. "But I might have known what would be the end, in a mad world. . . . You are right, Monsieur: we are men, and must all die at last: but Antoinette—No!"

"Then quick, for God's sake!" cried Francis, not understanding how the true philosopher, even when love stands alone in the midst of death, can cease to philosophise. "Quick, for God's sake, and Madame's!" cried Mabel's lover again, knowing, through his own love, how danger to Antoinette must needs be paralysing the very heart of Jacques Carrel. And time was flying.

Nay: it had flown. A black figure, brandishing an axe, leaped from the verandah into the room—and that there were more behind him, an ominous murmur and dull trembling of the woodwork proclaimed. Francis hurled the lamp at the leader of the assault, and, under cover of the momentary darkness, seized the Doctor by the arm and dragged him into the corridor: then pulled the door to, and held it with all his weight and strength, one man against unknown scores, so that the Doctor might gain one moment's time more.

Jacques Carrel needed no further speeding. He had now seen what was happening with his own eyes. He ceased to be a philosopher: and he ran.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE WORK OF A WHIM.

Were the pen to set down all that adventurer, philosopher, and wife felt, thought, and did, in the ensuing whirl, it would give the effect of hours instead of the whirling flashes that the moments now were. It was the first time that Francis Carew had found the safety of others depending upon his own wits and his own hands—those hitherto but half-used wits that had once been so cumbersome and so slow. It is in such moments that we display our inmost and our utmost, when there is no middle place between rising above the occasion, or falling ignominiously below. Mabel must have been proud of her knight had she seen him then, could she have helped closing her beautiful eyes in terror. He did see them, even then, and far away as they were, and though he felt for certain that he would never see them again. It did seem hard to close his quest by a hopeless fight for utter strangers in a foreign land. But, since this had become a part of the work she had given him, this also had to be done. A lover's or a madman's strength, rather than a mere man's, came into the arm wherewith he held the frail door against the assailants within. They were in the dark—that was one comfort: but the torches would soon scatter that miserable comfort away.

Where was his Incubus? The fellow had sunk into a useless coward, no doubt: but he would have had his use as another weight to keep the door closed. And Madame Carrel—had she fainted away with fright, that she was so long? If it were not for a woman who was nothing to him, and for whom he did not care a straw, he would have made a bolt of it in another sense. What was Les Bouquets to him, or he to Les Bouquets? The wretched jest struck him even while he felt his strength ebbing against a formidable rush from within—a rush that must inevitably have swept door and quivering bolt together into the corridor, if those who made it had possessed the feeblest notion of making their rush together. He made every sinew do its utmost: so that, for the moment, every sinew withstood one whole man. But such moments could not be many more. Where, in Heaven's name, was the Incubus? Where, in Heaven's name, was Madame? If she had only not been of Mabel's sex—but then she was: worse luck: so he must do by her as he would that Mabel should be done by.

At last, bearing a light, pale, but seeming bewildered rather than alarmed, came the Doctor, his young wife hanging upon his arm.

That she was in mortal terror, even Francis, despite the strain upon all his senses, saw with dismay. She was trembling, and wild-eyed: and no marvel, for the poor girl had been roused from the happiest sleep by the only danger she had ever known since she was born. And yet—*Quid Fœmina possit!*—and yet her delay in seizing the one instant left for escape (if there were indeed so much as one) stood forth explained even to the dullest eyes. She had not wasted time in useless fainting. She had positively spent it in dressing—if she had risen to be murdered by her own black slaves, and if not a civilised soul was to be left to tell the tale, nevertheless not even dying lips should be able to whisper that Madame Carrel of Les Bouquets had been so false to her highest self as to die in anything less worthy of it than her best silk gown.

And the wonder of it was that, though she must have prepared herself for sudden death without help and with trembling fingers, not a ribbon was awry.

"The black devils," gasped Francis, "are in force under my window: and they're swarming in here. . . . If you know of a mousehole elsewhere, take it—but for life's sake don't wait, for I've held out all I can."

"Alas! It is impossible, Monsieur," said the Doctor, with a deep sigh. "It is not for a Frenchman to fly, while an Englishman remains. It is honour who forbids that, Monsieur. In fine—I remain."

"Then," cried Francis, "look out for yourselves—here goes the door. Honour be—hanged!" The last was not his own word: but it must serve.

Madame could not help a scream. The Doctor looked from her to Francis, and then back again—and poor vain glory went to the winds. Francis panted with relief as much as with effort: the incumbrances, the woman and the philosopher, were gone—not a moment too soon.

"I hope they've found their mousehole," he muttered—between his teeth. "I must take my own chance now."

He let go the door.

For a moment, all was confusion. For some had been pushing, others pulling, and it was not plain, all at once, that the opposing force had been removed. However, the door itself had been growing weaker, together with its guard, and, having no nerves to make dead fibre work miracles, the hinges settled things by giving way. Heads must have received smart blows in the fall; but, thanks to Nature, the African skull is hard enough to come off winner in a battle with any common door. Francis let out with his fist at the first woolly skull that battered its way through into the corridor: but the thickest was bound to be the first in that rush through black flesh and splintering wood, and he might as well have tried to fell a buffalo.

There was no longer the chance to fight or fly—barely even for such forlorn struggle as a fox, pinned to earth, may still make against a pack of hounds. One opponent in the dark, struggle as he might, was neither to be felt nor seen, but to be simply swept away.

"There, then—I've done what I could," muttered Francis, as he went down under the feet of the new masters of Les Bouquets, a lost man.

What better epitaph could any man need, although the only task his hands could find to do was small, and in itself not worth the doing? Anyhow, Francis had been able to find no better, and he had surely tried. But his last thought before losing his senses was a strange one. His memory went back to beyond the day when he had first seen Mabel. It went to the Sunday morning when he had wellnigh sworn to cast in his lot with old Horneck: and the image, not of Mabel Openshaw, but of Nance Derrick, was the last that filled his darkening eyes, while the old legend of Hornacombe sands came back to his ears in the hoarse tumult sweeping over him—"Ropes of Sand: Ropes of Sand."

But he had not gone under in vain. Thanks to the stranger

whom Heaven had sent them at their need, the rightful master and mistress of Les Bouquets had passed out, for the time, with their lives.

There were so many ways in and out of that literally open house that there was no difficulty in getting out quickly, if only one was lucky enough to hit upon an entrance left unguarded. That was the risk, and it was beyond doubt a serious one. Happily, Colonel Thunderbolt had not yet acquired a military genius with his uniform, and, acting upon the instincts of primitive war, had brought his whole force upon one point, without the precaution of setting sentries over others. The Doctor trusted to luck, as all he had to trust to, and took the nearest. Putting his arm round the trembling woman, who clung to him close, and for whose sake he had been compelled to show the courage which dares to fly from danger, he passed through the side door into the open air, holding his breath, and looking before and around him with anxious eyes. None was there to challenge him. The house behind was raging with clamour and din, as though it were full of fiends: but without, and beyond, all was perfectly quiet and still. What lay before the fugitives on that side was the edge of the broad natural meadow that, farther on, swelled into waves and led at last to the far off hills, now, in the late night, showing like masses of distant cloud.

It was a bad track for flight should they be seen. But it was impossible to find cover without passing round the house, and so, it might be, falling into the midst of some band maddened past all hope of dealing with them by their easy victory.

"Where are we going, Jacques?" asked Madame.

"God knows," said he. "But wherever it is, it must be on."

"But we have no horses—oh, Jacques, it will be better to sit down and die!"

"Hark!" said he.

There was no need for him to argue and encourage, with such a yell behind her as there arose.

"Oh—Run: run!" she cried.

"Yes: Run—run—run!" echoed a voice at her shoulder that, while she tried, in her ignorance of what running means, to fly, took all the strength from her limbs. The Doctor, for a moment, felt his brain reel—were they discovered and being followed so soon? He swung Antoinette behind him, and since he had no better weapons, prepared to oppose with his eyes whichever of a hundred madmen it might prove to be.

"Run—run—run!" panted the owner of the voice, covering his eyes with one hand, and holding out his other open towards the house, as if he would thrust it out of sight and away. He was trembling all over, and could hardly breathe. In short, he was the very incarnation of panic—that most contagious of all terrible things. There only wanted an example of terror to unnerve the very coolest brain, and it had come.

The Doctor was dimly aware of his new patient: but that did not mend matters. At such times it is not the sane who rule. Antoinette screamed aloud—the physician's brain began to reel, as if not only the madness of panic were catching, but every other kind besides.

"I saw it all red once before," he cried, "away there—and it is coming to drown us this time: blood in rivers, blood in seas. Don't wait for it: run! Ah!—*Here it comes!*"

What was coming? None stayed to ask: but the grave student, who had never quickened his pace since he was a boy many a long year ago, and the delicate Creole who had never walked a hundred yards in her life, found flying feet, and ran, only keeping their natural senses so far as to keep hand in hand. Indeed they kept up with their companion in flight, for he was weighted with heavy riding boots, and reeled and stumbled as he ran. The ground was level, firm, and easy to cover. How they found breath as well as speed, only the spirit of terror knows. Had they paused for a moment's thought, the consciousness of doing what in their senses they could not have done would have broken them down, and paralysed both lungs and limbs. As things were, it was as if they did not touch the turf for yards together—as if they skimmed over the ground.

And yet, despite their shoes of swiftness, their flight seemed to last an age. There was all the consciousness of being pursued—of the shortening distance of swarming pursuers, marked by the louder growth of savage yells in their ears. They dared not turn their heads to look: what need to lose a single step by looking, when they could hear and feel? Flight was in vain, no doubt, for an elderly doctor without training, for a weak and terrified woman, and for an overweighted, helpless groom without wits or nerves: but still they flew, or thought they flew, on and on, with only the far away mountain clouds before them, and death hurrying after them behind. It was a frantic race between terror and death indeed. Other things that night had resembled nightmares: but this was the most like a nightmare of all.

Still nearer and nearer came the cries of the pursuers. The fugitives, now in their extremity, could hear the panting, nay, even the thud of the footsteps, of the black human blood-hounds. The end of all had surely come.

All of a sudden there happened a very wonderful thing.

A wonderful thing? Nay, the most wonderful of wonderful things in this world of wonders. The Sun rose.

But it was not as he rises with us, in slowly wakening beauty. It was the Sun of Hispaniola, who, without twilight warning, rose up all at once in all his glory above the hills—

One unclouded blaze of living light.

I doubt if Madame Antoinette had ever set eyes on that wonder before. But she saw it now: and must have thought the skies were opening their gates to receive her soul. At any rate she gave way, and sank on her knees exhausted, with her eyes closed and her face upon the ground.

Her husband's eyes were dazzled, and all left of his heart dismayed. Now that Antoinette had broken down, there was nothing left but to face round and meet the worst as became a Frenchman, a philosopher, and a physician who had learned that his professional enemy, Death, must needs win the long battle late or soon. So he faced round, and saw—

Not a soul.

The broad green meadow, here breaking into the outskirts of virgin forest, was as empty of all but themselves and the sunlight and the waking birds as if it were a sea without a sail. What had become of the yelling and panting black hounds? There was no cover they could vanish into—all between the advanced guard of the forest and Les Bouquets was open and bare. Doctor Carrel rubbed his eyes hard, dreading lest they might have been blinded by the sudden sun. But, however hard he rubbed them, not a whit the more could they see.

He sighed with thankful relief, as when a nightmare flies. "Look up—rise up, my very dearest!" said he. "Death of my life—I would not have lost that experiment for a thousand dollars! Now I have been mad myself, I shall understand it better than any physician who is so unlucky that he is always sane!"

"Am I alive? Am I dead? And, oh, Jacques—which are you?" cried she. "But—where are they?"

"What—you thought it too? Then there goes another old theory!" he said, snapping his fingers in the air. "Two

people can have the same illusion at once: or rather three," he added, catching sight of his patient, who had suddenly sunk into his stolid state, and was intently regarding the stem of the nearest tree. "Think how much all that goes to account for, Antoinette, my dear. Panics—infectious sympathies—community of illusion—what are they but one and the same? Only it seldom happens that an illusion is so well defined. The Ancients, my friends!"

"Jacques," said Madame, gently, "I think I am going to die."

"No, no—not now; It is over—we are saved! How can I die before my work is done? And how can I live without you? Sit down—nobody will see us among these trees: our hearts want resting, and then our heads will be clear. There!"

He was just seating her tenderly on a natural bench formed by the base of a giant tree, where she might be safe from the heat of the sun and from the sight of men, and was doing his best to consider how to obtain better shelter and aid, when, full in their sight, a dense black cloud of smoke rose over Les Bouquets, and hung heavily in the air.

Madame saw it too: and neither could look in the other's eyes. Higher and higher rolled that hideous cloud, till it blotted out or blurred a good quarter of the sky. Even with the sunlight full upon it, parts of it opened here and there, and showed a lurid glow within—where these abysses were blackest, the light of day could not always hide the bursts of flame.

Les Bouquets, the home of these good people who loved one another and had never harmed a soul—Les Bosquets, where they had sought for a haven and had found, or made a Paradise, was burning before their eyes. Who could believe in Providence any more?

Madame Carrel suddenly clasped her hands, and turned fearfully pale.

"My Nanette! She is there!" she cried. "Oh," she wailed, "Mon Dieu—Nanette: Oh, mon Dieu!"

The Doctor smote his forehead with his clenched fist, and groaned. "My Notes—my Notes! Thirty years, and all gone—what will become of this mad and miserable world?"

Not one gave a thought to Francis Carew of Hornacombe. And why should they, indeed? Even Nance Derrick had her uses: and the loss of a life's work at the hands of a horde of benighted savages—what tragedy half so great does the world contain? But a wandering stranger, the useless victim of a foolish vow, what did he signify to a mortal soul?

There was one there who no more regarded the smoke rolling and blackening over Les Bouquets than if it had been an innocent cloud of welcome rain. Not that Francis Carew's comrade—though he also owed his life to the useless man who was there butchered or burning—was thinking of Francis Carew. Thoughts could have no place in that wilderness of a brain. He was still absorbed in the stem of a great tree, as if he were trying to compute its girth, or studying its form.

He had not been on the threshold of a wood, or among great trees, since he had been driven from where the Mother Beech reigned. Since then, the earth over which he had wandered had been all shadeless sea, or beaten path, or open plain, or suffocating town—groves and gardens had been worse still, for they were settlements of trees that had become slaves, and, unlike the followers of Colonel Thunderbolt, dared not rebel. But here was a change. Not Depe Wood or Base Wood opened darker depths of green than this offshoot of virgin forest, stretching between plain and hill. A strange, grave, solemn look came over the crack-brained vagabond's face, over which presently stole a long, slow smile. He threw back his head, and drew a deep breath with distended nostrils, drinking in the scent and rustle of the leaves. He took off his hat, and tossed it away—anywhere. His riding boots followed. Then he pulled, or rather tore, off his coat, his waistcoat, the encumbrances of his throat—all things that had transformed Cucumber Jack of the woods into what he had seemed to be in eyes of degraded and civilised man.

Then, stripped to his open shirt, he came forward with the old Indian stride—alert, bright-eyed, inwardly smiling, and with free limbs: once more the Cucumber Jack whom Francis had first met in the woods at home.

"I have it at last—scare us alive!" cried he, slapping his thigh:—"The rhyme I've been trying after ever since the old beech knows when—

And the ground's not grown to a great grey stone,
Nor the sky to a big black sea,
Nor the glad wild things into crawling stings,
And the trees—why, there they be!"

Madame started, and gave a little scream at the sight of the strange figure that stood behind her, chanting foolish rhymes while Les Bouquets was burning. The poor Doctor also turned, and regarded his transformed patient with haggard face, and eyes from which all the light had gone. How could mere life, how could love itself, make up for the waste of thirty years of brain? Madame, looking from the madman to the doctor, saw both changes. She stole her hand into her husband's, and tried gently to draw him down to the seat by her side.

"We have each other, Jacques," said she.

For the first time he threw her hand away.

"Let the world die in its madness!" he cried out, in his rage. "There is no justice in Heaven—there is no good among men!"

"Ay," said Cucumber Jack: "But the Trees are Green!"

(To be continued.)

THE MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER.

SECOND NOTICE.

Macmillan is considerably better than usual this month, and contains two remarkable articles evidently from the same hand. In one, Lord Malmesbury's memoirs are skilfully reviewed, and the greatest possible amount of entertainment and information is extracted from them. In the other, "The Man of Letters as Hero," the usual mistake is made of taking Carlyle's exhortations too seriously, allowing nothing for biliousness, nothing for mannerism. It is not remembered how marvellously Carlyle's graphic vigour of speech transcended that of ordinary mortals; while at the same time some of the most ordinary methods of relieving ill humour were denied to him. Raillery and persiflage were not in his way; he must speak sledge-hammers, if he spoke at all. The new story, "Boroughdale of Boroughdale," contains an exceedingly clever picture of a contrasted pair of friends, a young peer, dull, uncouth; almost repulsive, but no booby; and a brilliant man of the world with artistic tastes. An account of Barbados may be thought to betray prejudice against the negroes, but is evidently grounded on very intimate knowledge of the island. Mr. Moffat, who argues in favour of absolute non-intervention in South Africa as ultimately the best course for the natives themselves, deserves a respectful hearing; but fails to distinguish between the condition of the aborigines in the British possessions and those abandoned to the tender mercies of the Boers.

Politics apart, *Blackwood* is this month an agreeable, chatty number, opening with a pleasant review of that mine of good things, "Croker's Memoirs"; and comprising an equally readable account of the autobiography of the Italian sculptor Dupré; and a picture of New England life, written in the most kindly spirit, and bringing the North American landscape vividly before the eye. "The Waters of Hercules" continues highly entertaining, though not of absorbing interest. "Alexander Nesbit, Ex-Schoolmaster," is a pathetic story with a questionable moral, not intended to be taken over-seriously.

Mr. Russell's exciting story of "Jack's Courtship," in *Longman's Magazine*, is evidently nearing its conclusion. Mr. Grant Allen's disquisition on "Honey-Dew" is an excellent paper of its class; and there is the material of a good biographical article in Mr. Layard's notice of "Armand Carrel," and of a good tale in Mr. Sturges's "Romance of an Old Don," but enough is not made of either of them.

The *Nineteenth Century* opens with the Duke of Argyll's defence of the general conduct of the Highland landlords towards their tenantry—a temperate, well-reasoned document, too evidently *ex parte* to convince, but sufficiently cogent to show the necessity for a thorough investigation of the question by some perfectly disinterested tribunal. The paper is also important as containing an acknowledgment of the expediency of small holdings. Mr. Arnold Forster contributes a powerful indictment of those who have of late years been responsible for our naval affairs. Mr. Laurence Oliphant's "Sisters of Thibet" is a puzzling performance. It is, to all appearance, a parody of the revelations respecting the Thibetan Mahatmas, of which we have lately heard so much, and yet suggests that the writer regards these as a parody of something really genuine. The other contributions include a sound appreciation of "Faust" and Goethe, by Mrs. Kennard; Mr. Spencer's last words in his controversy with Mr. Harrison; and Mr. Dicey's plea for the permanence of the English occupation of Egypt, in the interest of the Egyptian bondholders.

The *Scottish Review* continues to improve, and takes high rank as a thoroughly useful journal. The present number opens with an excellent article on New South Wales, giving a highly satisfactory view of the state of the colony, and valuable for reference now that Imperial ideas are exciting much attention. An article on Archdeacon Farrar's writings embodies probably the most thorough and sympathetic criticism they have ever received; and there is much good sense in a thoughtful essay on "Mystic Novels," of which "John Inglesant" may be regarded as the type. The special feature of the *Review*, however, continues to be its summary of the chief articles in the leading foreign reviews for the preceding quarter, which acquaints the English reader with the best thought of the Continent.

The *Theatre*, edited by Clement Scott, is adorned this month with a photographic portrait of Miss Phyllis Broughton, in the character of the Peri in Mr. Burnand's burlesque, "Camaralzaman," and another of Mr. Joseph Knight, the well-known dramatic critic and editor of "Notes and Queries." It gives, as usual, an admirable monthly review of the drama, music, and the fine arts.

The *Art Journal* contains its usual pleasing variety of readable articles and picturesque illustrations, including a steel-plate and two etchings. The *Magazine of Art* is of the usual sterling quality, the best illustrated articles being "The New Forest" and "Some Portraits by Hogarth." This first number of the new volume augurs well for the coming year. The other principal serials of the enterprising firm of Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co., are—The Quiver, Cassell's Family Magazine, Cassell's Saturday Journal, Greater London, Royal Shakspeare, Familiar Wild Flowers, Book of Health, Old and New London, Illustrated Universal History, Popular Gardening, Picturesque Europe, and Picturesque America.

Among Fashion Books received are—The Season, Le Follet, Ladies' Treasury, Ladies' Gazette of Fashion, World of Fashion, Moniteur de la Mode, and Myra's Journal of Dress and Fashion.

We have also to acknowledge London Society, The Month, Good Words, the Argosy, the Army and Navy Magazine, Household Words, St. Nicholas, the Red Dragon, Eastward Ho! the Antiquarian, Chambers's Journal, All the Year Round, Irish Monthly, Harper's Young People, and the Illustrated Science Monthly.

James Turner, who is charged with having shouted "Fire!" in the Star Theatre at Glasgow, and thereby causing the late catastrophe in that building, has been committed for trial at the Glasgow Circuit Court for culpable homicide.

On the recommendation of Mr. Gladstone, a grant of £300 is to be paid from the Royal Bounty Fund to Mr. George Smith, of Coalville, "as an acknowledgment of his great services on behalf of the brick-yard, canal, and gipsy children." Mr. Smith intends to use the money to meet the pressing needs of his family, and in furtherance of his plans for securing for the gipsy and van children similar blessings to those he has brought about for the canal children.

The School Board for London resumed on the 13th inst., for the third time, the question of over-pressure. There appeared to be a general feeling that an independent inquiry should be instituted, either one specially appointed by the Board or one by the Government. A proposition to refer the matter to the School Management Committee was rejected by a large majority. The previous question was also lost, and the debate was again adjourned. Authority was given to borrow a further sum of £350,000.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 26, 1881) of Mr. Edward Vaughan Richards, Q.C., formerly of No. 49, York-terrace, Regent's Park, but late of No. 26, Park-crescent, Portland-place, and of the Inner Temple, who died on Sept. 26 last, at Bath, was proved on the 24th ult., by Mrs. Elizabeth Anne Richards, the widow, and John Philip Martineau, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £122,000. The testator bequeaths his plate known as the Imperial plate to his wife, for life, and then to the right heir of his father, to be held as a heirloom in the family; the remainder of his plate, all his jewellery, household effects, furniture, pictures, horses and carriages, and £1000, to his wife; and legacies to his executor Mr. Martineau, his godson, Arthur Hugh Douglas, and old and present servants. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held upon trust for his wife, for life; at her death, in default of issue, he gives £5000 to each of the daughters, and £7500 to each of the sons of his sisters, Mrs. Catherine Frances Frere and Mrs. Emma Harriett Sawney; and £3000 to his god-daughter and cousin, Louisa Temple Frere. He appoints his nephews, the sons of his brothers Frederick and Henry, residuary legatees.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated March 28, 1883) of Mr. William Henry Haig, of Brownfield, near Edinburgh, who died on July 5 last, granted to Mrs. Emily Martha Newman or Haig, the widow, Hugh Veitch Haig, and John Alickus Haig, the brothers, Richard Meade Newman, and William Stuart Fraser, the executors nominate, was sealed in London on the 31st ult., the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £114,000.

The will (dated May 29, 1883), with a codicil (dated Sept. 29 following), of Mr. William Henry Denton, late of Falmouth, who died on Dec. 20 last, was proved on the 17th ult. by Charles Phillips, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £50,000. The testator makes provision for his wife, Mrs. Mary Jane Denton, and gives a legacy to his executor, Mr. Phillips. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his three children, Joseph Henry, Maria Andrea, and Alexander Hugh.

The will (dated March 25, 1883) of Mr. Louis Dec, late of No. 8, Sherwood-street, Golden-square, wholesale jeweller and silversmith, and of No. 71, The Grove, Hammersmith, who died on Aug. 23 last, was proved on the 23rd ult. by Mrs. Charlotte Maudslay Dec, the widow, and Henry William Dec, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £31,000. The testator, after bequeathing several legacies, leaves the residue of his property, upon trust, for his wife, for life. At her death, among other further legacies, he gives £50 each to the Goldsmiths' Benevolent Institution, the Goldsmiths' Amnity Institution, the Silver Trade Pension Society, and the Clock and Watchmakers' Asylum. As to the ultimate residue, one third is to be held upon trust as his wife shall appoint; and the other two thirds for his brother George, for life, and is then to be divided among various members of his family.

The will (dated June 20, 1884) of Mr. Henry Searle Heathcote, late of Newton House, Lincolnshire, who died on Aug. 15 last, was proved on the 25th ult. by Mrs. Lucy Heathcote, the mother, and Thomas Arthur Robert Heathcote, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £25,000. The testator bequeaths £3000 each to his sisters, Louisa Elizabeth, Lucy Gertrude, Alice Maud, and Emily Sophia; £8000, upon trust, for his brothers and sisters, Frank Augustus George, William Lionel, Charlotte Victoria, and Edith Evelyn; and the residue of his personal estate to his said brother, Thomas Arthur Robert.

The will (dated Jan. 21, 1881), with a codicil (dated March 17 following), of Mrs. Mary Anne Matilda Willoby, formerly of Brighton, but late of No. 4, Priory Garden-villas, Hastings, who died on Aug. 19 last, was proved on the 20th ult. by Frederick Littlehales, William Withers Moore, M.D., and John Laurentius Littlehales, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £22,000. The testatrix directs that a lecture, to be chosen by the Rev. A. D. Wagner, and placed in St. Paul's, Brighton, be purchased by her executors out of her estate at a cost not exceeding £1000; and she bequeaths £2000 to the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, Fulham-road; £3000 to the Asylum for Idiots, Earlswood, Redhill; £1000 each to the Cancer Hospital, Fulham-road, and the Sussex County Hospital, Eastern-road, Brighton; and many other legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to the said Frederick Littlehales.

The will and codicil (both dated Oct. 24, 1883) of the Rev. Edmund Antrobus, formerly of Twizell House, Northumberland, but late of Annandale, Clifton Down, Gloucestershire, who died on Oct. 6 last, were proved on the 20th ult. by William Henry Johnston and the Rev. Robert Mitford Taylor, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £21,000. The testator bequeaths all his plate, furniture, books, and household effects to his daughter, Mrs. Fanny Lewis Johnston; £5,000, upon trust, for his grand-daughter, Ethel Margaret Seymour Johnston; and a legacy to his executor the Rev. Mr. Taylor. The residue of his property is to be held, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Johnston, for life, and then for all her children, except his said grand-daughter.

The will (dated Jan. 1, 1881), with a codicil (dated Aug. 5, 1884), of Mr. Hassard Hume Dodgson, late of No. 2 Upper George-street, who died on Sept. 3, last, at Southsea, was proved on the 23rd ult. by James Hume Dodgson, the son, and Miss Lucy Caroline Dodgson and Miss Charlotte Mary Dodgson, the daughters, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £18,000. With the exception of a bequest to Sarah Batchelor, the trusts and provisions of the will are wholly in favour of testator's children. The deceased was one of the Masters of the High Court of Justice, and formerly practised for many years as a pleader under the Bar.

Sir Charles Warren, who is to command the expedition to Bechuanaland, embarked at Dartmouth on the 14th inst. in the Grantully Castle for conveyance to the Cape.

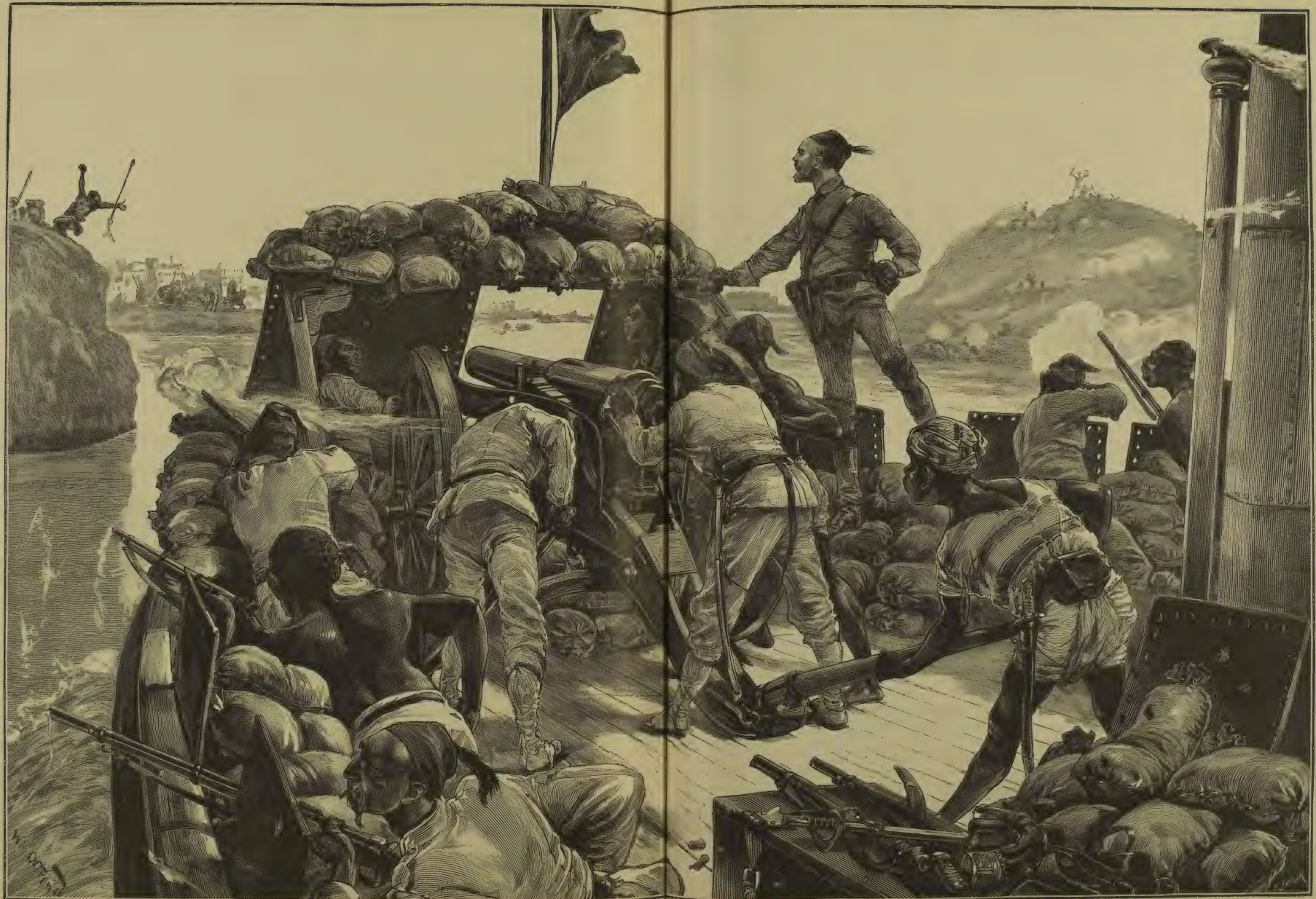
The Lady Mayoress (Mrs. Nottage) will hold her receptions on Tuesdays instead of on Fridays, as hitherto, beginning next Tuesday, the 25th inst. While the Mansion House is under repairs the receptions will be held at the Lady Mayoress's private residence at South Kensington.

Mr. C. Locock Webb, Q.C., has been elected by the Benchers of the Middle Temple a member of the Committee of the Bar Library, Royal Courts of Justice, to represent that Inn, in place of Mr. Justice Wills, who resigned the office on being appointed a Judge.

The Earl and Countess of Dufferin and their eldest daughter proceeded on the 13th inst. from Liverpool-street station to Tilbury, and thence went on board the *Tasmania*, which started at two o'clock for Bombay. A large party attended to see the departure, and the new Viceroy of India was heartily cheered.

On the application of the Metropolitan Public Garden, Boulevard, and Playground Association, the Corporation of London have thrown open to the public, as a recreation-ground, the disused burial-ground known as Bunhill Fields.

Dr. Richard Garnett, the Superintendent of the Reading-Room of the British Museum, has given up his position, having accepted the post of Assistant Keeper. Mr. Fortescue, who is well known to habitués of the Museum, succeeds Dr. Garnett. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says—and we heartily endorse the statement—the news that Dr. Garnett has been transferred from the post of Superintendent of the Reading-Room to another department will be received with great regret by everyone who reads, has read, or will read at the British Museum. Dr. Garnett has been much more than a courteous official, he has been literally invaluable to thousands of readers. The humblest student has found access to him as readily as the most distinguished scholar. His almost boundless stores of that peculiar kind of knowledge which is of the highest value to a librarian, a knowledge of where to find information on a given subject, were at the service of all without distinction. For years past many a student, struggling in vain with a perplexing set of references, or with a subject on which the printed books were silent, has found his work lightened and his path smoothed the moment he appealed to Dr. Garnett's extraordinary memory. It is hard not to grudge a man of such very special gifts to the ordinary departments of the library, where Dr. Garnett carries with him the regrets of all those who frequent the Reading-Room.



WARFARE ON THE NILE: A DASH AT THE ENEMY.

NOVELS.

Murder and mystery are always attractive to certain minds; and to such minds *I Say No.*: by Wilkie Collins (Chatto and Windus), will probably seem to be a romance of a very high order and very delightful kind. There is, of course, a secret to be discovered; and that secret involves the question of the violent death of which a certain Mr. Brown was the victim. We know who "killed the Harphang" by the cynical murderer's own confession; but who killed Mr. Brown? Here are the circumstances in the next few sentences. It was on the evening of Sunday, Sept. 30, 1877 (there is nothing like detail when you are going to be mysterious) that Mr. James Brown, a gentleman of property, with a pocket-book bursting with bank-notes, and another gentleman, a perfect stranger, whom he had encountered or, rather, who had come suddenly upon him and succoured him on the road along which they were travelling, came to a certain little inn where there was so scanty accommodation that they, being forced by stress of weather to pass the night there, agreed to share an outhouse together. In the morning Mr. James Brown was found with his throat cut by somebody with a razor, which had been pulled out and sharpened the night before by the other gentleman. The other gentleman was gone, and so was the pocket-book; but Mr. Brown's purse, containing money, and his gold watch and chain, as well as his gold studs and sleeve-buttons, were left, and apparently had not been touched. The gentleman who had supplied—if he had not used—the razor, and who was not forthcoming in the morning, had been heard to joke poor Mr. Brown about the temptation he caused to needy men by the exhibition of that plethoric pocket-book, and had not been seen—or at any rate recognised again—by anybody who would have informed against him, up to the time that the story proper commences. Of that story the heroine is Emily Brown, daughter of the unfortunate Mr. James Brown. She was quite a child, about twelve years old, at the time of her father's dreadful death, and, with the best intentions, the truth has always been concealed from her. It is scarcely necessary to say that she discovers by accident what was concealed from her by questionable design; and out of this discovery the author, of course, obtains a "telling" situation, the heroine oscillating between two lovers, with one of whom she quarrels for having deceived her about her father's tragic end, and in the other of whom she finds the gentleman "of the razor," the gentleman "wanted" for so many years by the police. Such is the main purport of the novel; and it is eked out, after the author's well-known fashion, with various more or less extraordinary and serpentine proceedings on the part of various eccentric and, on the whole, unpleasant personages.

A very daring attempt, as the newspapers have it sometimes in their accounts of burglary, has been made in *Judith Shakspeare*: by William Black (Macmillan and Co.), a romance wherein the author has not shrunk from evolving out of his own consciousness principally a description of the home-life that was led, the thoughts that were thought, and the things that were said, in his rustic abode at Stratford by the sacred bard of Avon and his family. To some readers it may occur that an author who would do this, who would penetrate like a broker into the poet's innermost sanctum, and sell up, as it were, the poet's household gods, to say nothing of venturing to set up as the interpreter of the poet's secret heart and unfathomable mind, might almost be "bracketed" with "Peeping Tom of Coventry," or at any rate with the sacri-

legious joker who removed the sign of the "brazen cock" from the famous time-honoured tavern hard by Temple Bar; but this is an age of iconoclasm and irreverence, when a Randolph Churchill addresses a Gladstone in a tone which it would have been thought shameful for even an Achilles to adopt in dispute with a grey-bearded Nestor. Howbeit, the novel, as was to be expected, is full of pleasant reading, contains some striking sketches of rural life in Shakspeare's latter days, and some very pretty situations and love-passages. Judith, Shakspeare's favourite daughter, full of her father's poetical spirit, but purposely untaught, and incapable of reading or writing, is the prettiest girl in Warwickshire; and the fame of her beauty attracts from town, according to the author, a young "spark," who, in the guise of a "wizard," manages to introduce himself to her, all but wins her, but, being over head and ears in debt, is obliged to renounce his pursuit of her, and marries for money: whereupon she, after a long and severe illness, traceable obliquely to a little mistake she makes in lending to her lover one of her father's plays in manuscript, becomes the wife of a faithful but rather commonplace and rustic swain. This, in a nutshell, is nearly the whole of the romance.

A novelist does well to introduce into his stories the matters with which he is especially conversant; and for that reason the introduction of theatrical affairs into *Puppets*: by Percy Fitzgerald (Chapman and Hall), was very well advised, although the romance is in its nature perfectly independent of the stage and its accessories. There are two, scarcely at all connected, streams of narrative running through the three volumes; and this fact, perhaps, it is which accounts for the difficulty one experiences in keeping the attention fixed. There is a glitter of coronets, too, which is a little dazzling to a commoner; and further bewilderment is caused by the gusts, as it were, whereby the different parts of the tale or tales are communicated, as well as by the "wild and hurling words" in which a great many of the characters indulge. The hero, if there be any one hero, may be presumed to be Charles Benbow, who commits the familiar crime of bigamy, but under particularly brilliant and audacious circumstances; inasmuch as his second wife, who is no wife, boasts to be the daughter of a duke, whilst the first wife, who is really a wife, is "only an actress," though a lady by birth and in everything but—from a dual point of view—her profession. The audacity of the hero, however, is less than it might appear at the first blush to be, and hardly sufficient perhaps to satisfy Danton; for, though there is apparent daring in making a live duke's daughter the victim of a bigamous marriage, the edge is taken off the boldness by the misapprehension which renders the bigamy and the insult offered to a dual personage quite unintentional. Another familiar thing, besides the bigamy, or a thing that used to be familiar to the reader of novels, but has been discarded of late, is once more flashed before the reader's eyes: it is the good old "sword of Damocles." There are some excellent melodramatic scenes, some very "tall talk," a sensible, interesting, charming girl, a madman, a suicide, lords, ladies, a theatrical manager, and remarks about "The Lady of Lyons"; but altogether the novel is a medley, calculated rather to confuse than to entertain the reader.

Self-puffery may be in accordance with the spirit of the age, but the specimen contained in the preface of *My Friends and I*: edited by Julian Sturgis (Longmans), was quite unnecessary, and is, therefore, the more irritating. The

affectation of merely "editing" what you have written is a poor device, moreover; and that such a device, in the present case, has been adopted, is taken for granted from the expressions used in the preface; but, if it be otherwise, an apology is required, and is hereby proffered. The volume contains three short stories, each of them original, well written, very well written here and there, and eminently readable. That should be their sufficient recommendation, though none of them may be of such remarkable merit as to put the *Thames* in danger of immediate conflagration. The first is the longest, and perhaps the best; but the samples of humour it exhibits are very deficient in flavour.

If not as a tale, yet for vivacity and variety of description, "Frank Leward, Memorials," edited by Charles Bampton (Kegan Paul and Co.), deserves a note of approbation. The vein of originality in the story is also in its favour. The young hero driven from home by a severe father, who does not understand his open generous nature, leads a hard rough life in many parts of the world. He takes up land in New Zealand, is present in the Crimea during the war with Russia, and afterwards fights under Garibaldi, with whom he is supposed to become intimate. Meanwhile, the mother, who dotes on her eldest-born, is broken-hearted; his youngest brother—a mild kind of Bliffl, though Frank is far from resembling Tom Jones—supplants him in an estate, and, worse still, wins the only woman he had ever loved; and it is not until the death both of father and brother that Frank Leward returns to England to be rewarded in a fashion more familiar to the novelists of Mrs. Radcliffe's day than of our own. The reader is carried easily through the pages, and will find no difficulty in travelling, under the writer's guidance, in New Zealand, Australia, and California, in Eastern Europe and in Italy. It is not very clear why Frank, who is a clever fellow and acquires foreign languages, should write throughout with a carelessness that would disgrace a fourth-form schoolboy. His education was, indeed, abruptly ended, so that his neglect of composition may be an indication of character; but unfortunately his friend Bampton, an Oxford man and a barrister, is also a little forgetful of punctuation and of grammar. The opinions expressed in a tale of this kind are of no great importance, or one might be inclined to ask why Jesuit priests are praised as jolly fellows and Protestant missionaries denounced as mercenary and stupid?

The Council of the British Association have decided to hold the meeting in 1886 at Birmingham.

The entries for the forthcoming Cattle Show of the Smithfield Club for the present year at the Agricultural Hall show that, with regard to the number and character of the stock, it will equal any of its predecessors. The show will this year be divided into eighty-four classes—thirty-five for cattle and the same for sheep, the pigs being represented by fourteen classes. The money prizes for cattle reach £1445; sheep, £755; and pigs, £232. Besides these, there are the champion plate of 100 guineas for the best beast in the show; the two silver cups of £50 each, for the best steer or ox and best heifer or cow in the classes; the seven or eight £30 silver breed-cups for cattle: the champion plate for sheep and pigs; and the gold and silver medals—bringing up the prize-list to a total of £3500. The most rigid regulations have been adopted by the council, in compliance with the orders of the Medical Department of the Privy Council, with a view to protect the show from cattle disease of any description.

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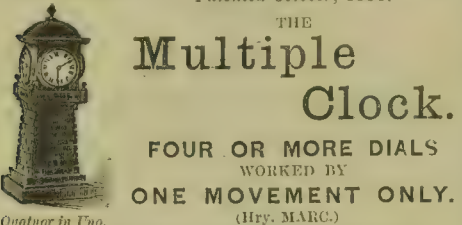
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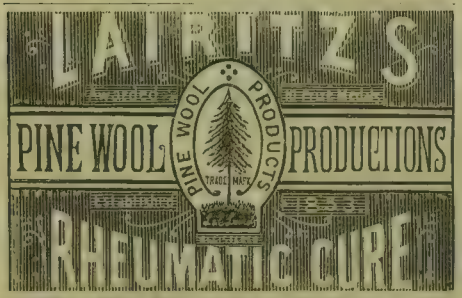
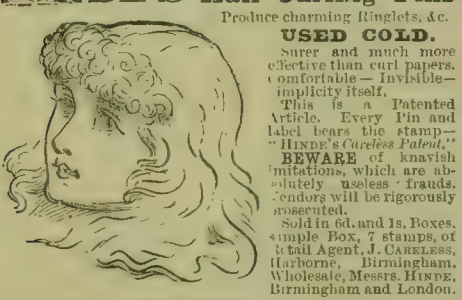
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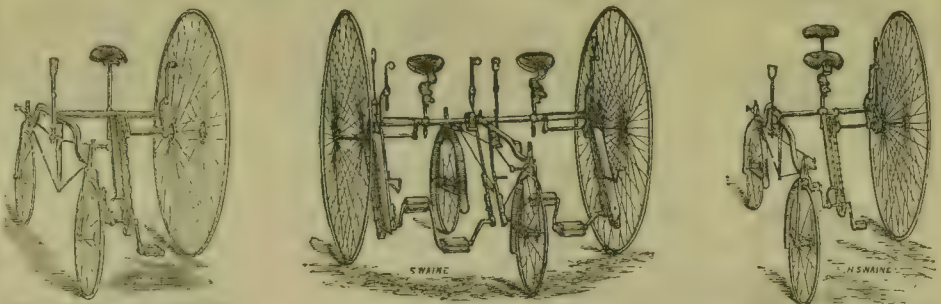
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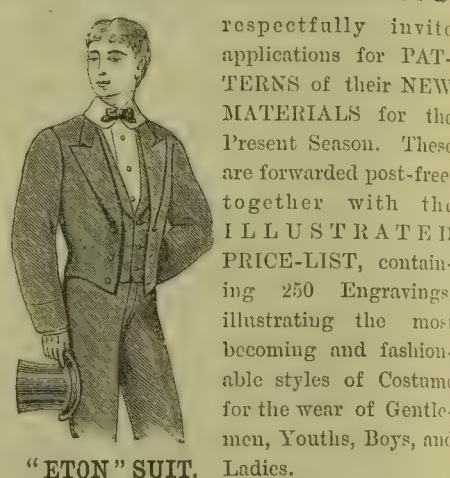
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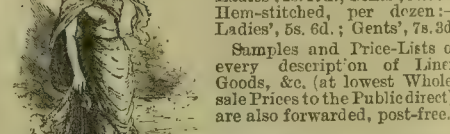
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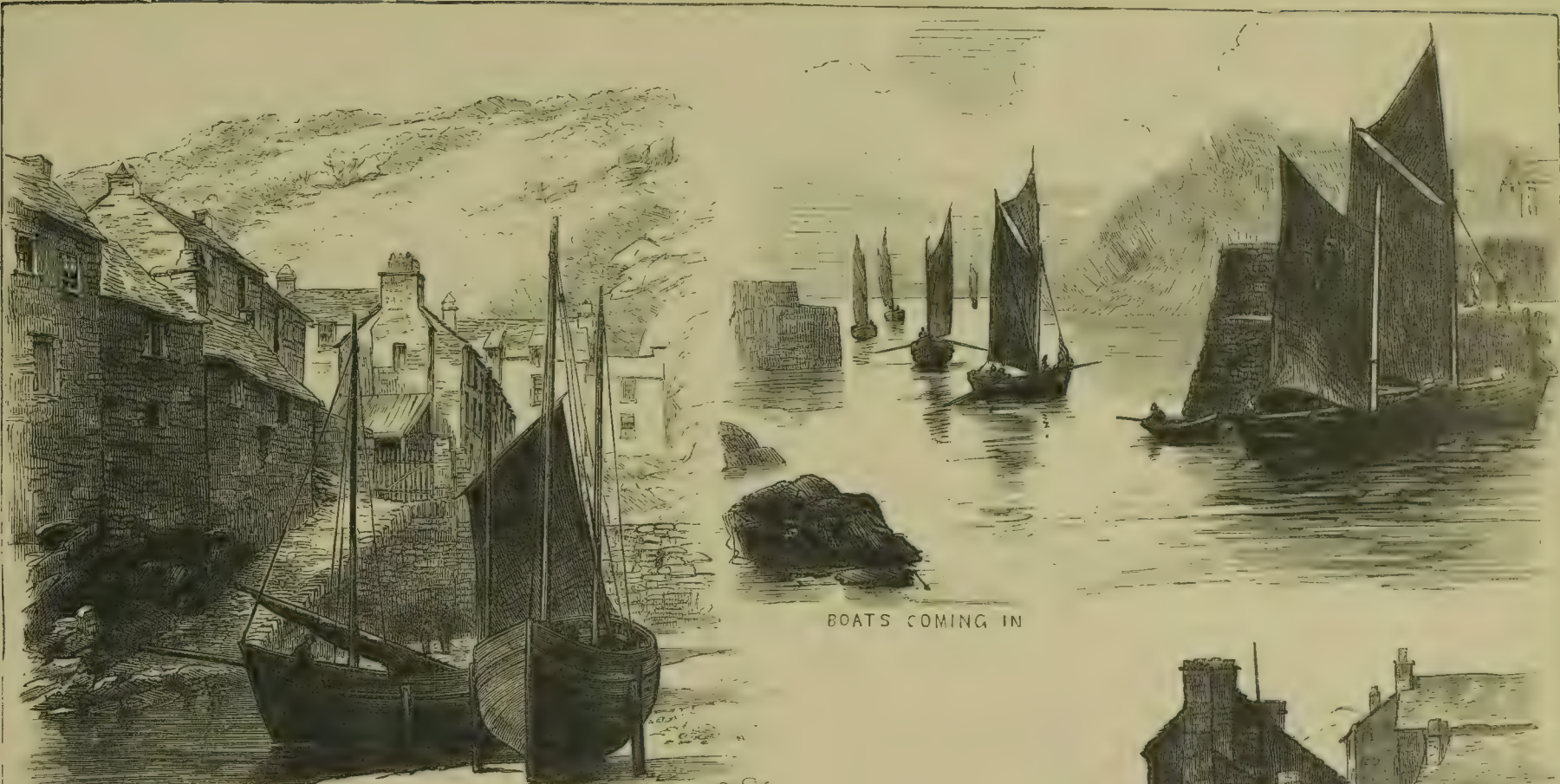
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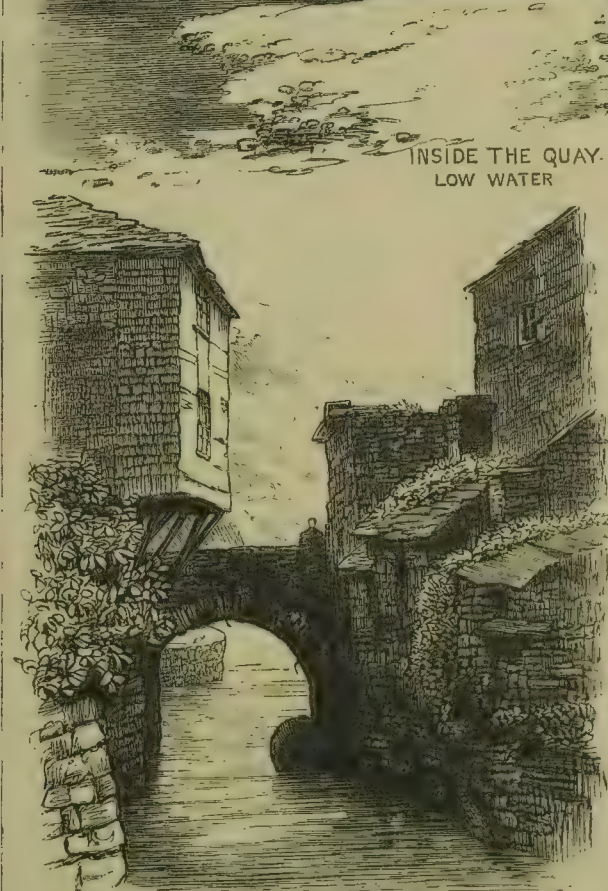
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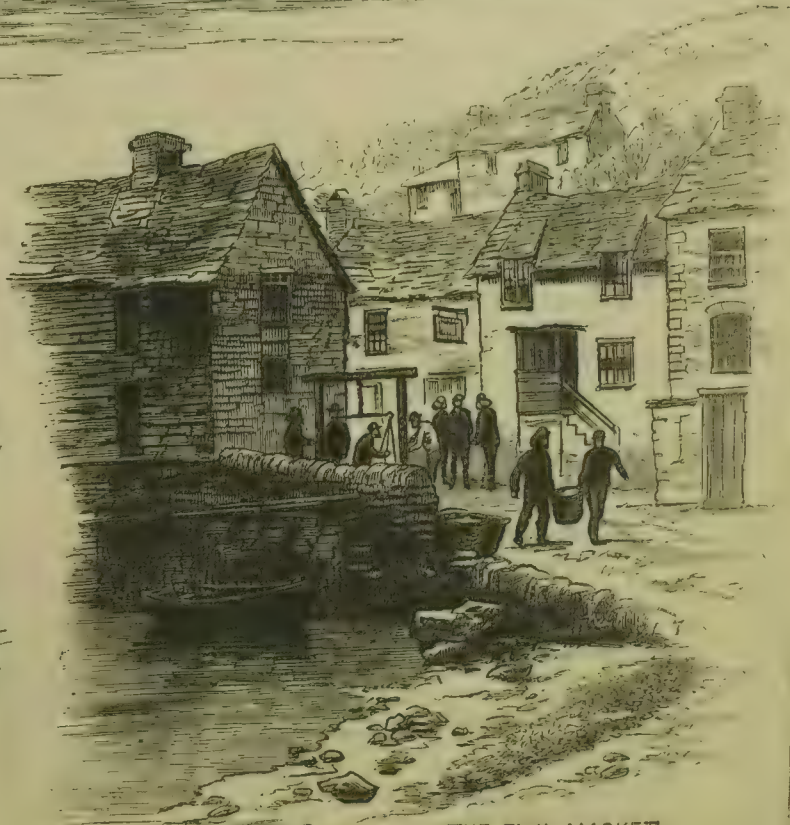
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POEMS. Selected from PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. With Preface by RICHARD GARNETT.

PERUGIA.

Once on a time, like an eagle gazing over the valley from his lofty eyrie—now, like some grey hermit immured in walls that defy both decay and destruction, this capital city of Umbria looks down into the fair and fertile Val di Tevere. No wonder she is never tired of gazing. She crowns a hill nearly 2000 feet above the sea, round which are lower hills crouching at her feet; spurs project boldly forward below the grey walls that surround Perugia, and make a varied and broken foreground. Here and there the sides of the valley go sheer down into a precipitous depth below. The outlook is never barren; everywhere are silver olives gleaming against the tender green of vines heavily laden this year with a wealth of pale lemon-hued fruit; or the richer green of fig-trees and mulberries is seen clustering round pleasant country houses set among orchards and gardens, while in front is a group of tall dark cypress with pale-grey stems. There is constant variety both in foreground and middle distance, where lesser towns and villages gleam as their white houses catch the sunbeams. In morning light the Tiber shows far off like a silver thread; the circling horizon of purple Apennines is full of varied charm; the hills are so varied in form and in tone that there can be no actual sameness in the outlook. On one side is a triple range, the valleys revealing their presence by a faint blue mist between the richer, deeper blue of the hills. Eastward rises mighty Subasio, with the white houses of Assisi clinging to its steep side, while S. Maria degli Angeli crouches below. It is a wonderful sight to watch Subasio blush from head to foot as the sun sets rosy opposite him; but the blush quickly deepens into a rich orange-red, so marvellous in its intensity that one might fancy a huge carbuncle was glowing above the wonderful church of St. Francis. Spello, Foligno, Perugia, other little towns, are very visible in this light, dotted on the purple line beyond Assisi; but all too soon the gleam fades, and Subasio darkens into purple, a purple which is almost black, as the day suddenly departs.

All this, however, is only a beautiful background to the grey city and its people. On market days the white roads that wind up and down, round and round the hill, are thronged with peasants, men and women with skins as full of rich colour as their picturesque clothing is. Many of the women are well grown, finely-formed creatures, their faces often like some antique mask, so pure and so regular in outline. Usually, their eyes are large and dark, and their abundant silky hair is often blue in its blackness; but this hair is sometimes of a frizzled kind, a golden glowing red; the eyes are of a singular blue that has surely a dash of red in it. Often they follow in the wake of a mule, with the gayest tufts of scarlet showing here and there in his quaint harness. Perhaps he draws a rough cart full of charcoal bags, with a green bough in the mouth of each. On they go, heedless of the burning sunshine; indeed, the gay handkerchief which the women wear on their heads must afford some protection. A group has stopped outside the pointed arch that they must pass under on their way to market: how they laugh together and show their white strong teeth, while greetings and questions come down to them from the neighbouring windows on a level with the huge impost of the tall arch! Quaint shell-like stone supports, built into the wall itself, hold rosy carnations outside one of these windows; a green bird-cage with a captive starling occupies the further corner, and in the opposite wall projecting iron rings support flower-pots, over which are shining a pair of dark eyes shaded by a black lace mantilla. A flight of brick steps, broad and shallow, goes up till it reaches the dark cool archway, beyond which opens a little crooked street, and at the end of this is the market—a dazzle of scarlet and orange kerchiefs; a glow of fruit and pomodoro; such a babble of talk and laughter, of bargaining and gesticulation! Most of the voices are loud and harsh. Here, in the midst of the market, sits a mother, turning her back on her huge pyramid of glowing tomatoes, for it is feeding-time, and she pulls long strings of macaroni out of a coarse dish of brown sauce and stuffs it into the mouths of two pale wizened-looking children, who open their beaks like unfledged birds. Close by, an old man, a wicker bird-cage seller, so bepatched that one cannot decide on the original colour of his scanty clothing, leans against the fountain, and takes alternate bites of cheese and tomato. The woman at the cheese-stall is doing a roaring trade this morning, and she, like most of the sellers, wears a long and handsome necklace of coral beads above her white jacket. This is not the principal street of Perugia, though on one side are two handsome fifteenth-century palaces—the picturesque old Palazzo del Podestà, with its loggia, and the beautiful front of the ancient University, a small building, compared with the spacious new University beyond the Via Appia.

We turn up the Via Nuova opposite, and soon find ourselves in the wide and busy Corso, which begins on the modern Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, and ends at the Duomo. Pope Paul III., the tyrant of Perugia, built a fortress on the site of this modern Piazza, to keep the citizens in check; but, after three centuries of Papal rule, the Perugians rose en masse in 1818, and destroyed this citadel. A modern prefecture stands on this splendid site, which commands an uninterrupted view over the surrounding country. On one side, at the farther end of the Corso is a grand group of buildings. In front is the Duomo, unfinished and not beautiful, but forming a quaint background to the famous fountain of Perugia, the work partly of Niccola Pisano and partly that of San Giovanni, at the end of the thirteenth century. This is a marvellous work, its figures black with age. On the left are, first, the Exchange, the Collegio del Cambio, a fine early fourteenth-century building designed by Fra Bevignate, a Benedictine Monk of Perugia; and next to it, so that it seems like one huge building, is the stately Palazzo Comunale, with its richly sculptured, round-headed doorway. On either side are the griffin of Perugia and the Guelphic lion; and in the doorway heading are statues of S. Louis, S. Viedan, and S. Lorenzo. This palazzo forms the angle of the Corso and the Piazza del Duomo; and the façade opposite the cathedral, with its charming loggia, is most interesting. Chains fastened to the wall betoken a Perugian victory over the citizens of Siena, and here again are griffins and lions. To the right of the Duomo, just beyond the steps outside its western doorway, is the imposing bronze statue of Pope Julius III., his hand raised in the act of blessing. The numerous churches are not very remarkable, excepting the little oratory of S. Bernardino. Its beautifully sculptured façade, in marble and terra-cotta, is the work of Agostino Antonio Ducci, in fifteenth century. The sculpture is in such low relief that its exquisitely carved saints and angels and cherubs appear to be uninjured; and yet, sad to say, it is undergoing "restoration!" Close by is the Church of San Francesco.

Inside the Church of S. Pietro, the church beyond the Porta Romana that stands out like a landmark at the end of one of the five points of star-like Perugia, the choir-stalls are wonderfully carved, and the backs inlaid with tarsia-work. This intarsia and that of the two doors at the back of the choir are said to have been designed by Raffaello. Most of the pictures have been taken from the church and placed in the

Pinacoteca in the Palazzo Comunale. There are some rare pictures here by Piero della Francesca, by Benedetto Bonfigli, and, rarer yet, by Fiorenzo di Lorenzo. One large saloon is surrounded by large and very interesting frescoes, the work of Benedetto Bonfigli, the first master of Perugino. There are many other interesting pictures, especially a room full of exquisite small gems by Fra Angelico, and a larger one devoted to the works of Perugino; but this master has left his best work in the frescoes and decoration of the Sala del Cambio, in the adjoining building.

I have not space enough to speak of the palaces of Perugia, of the wonderful remains of its Etruscan walls, especially the gate called the Arco di Augusto, of the weird and solemn sepulchres, or of the pictures which the views of the country make at the ends of the streets, framed in by these old grey archways. There is a very picturesque fountain outside San Domenico. One may linger for weeks in the comfortable hotel and yet never tire of the ancient city or the delightful rambles and excursions outside its Etruscan walls.

K. S. MACQUOID.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

B H C (Salisbury).—We had no doubt of your good faith, and only intended to convey that your solutions arrived too late for acknowledgment in the usual place.
C E T (Clifton).—Look at 1. Q to K B 6th, K to Q 7th; 2. Q to B 2nd (ch), K moves; 3. Q to K 2nd, mate.

J W W (Bomlay).—We have pointed out before that No. 2111 cannot be solved by way of 1. P to K B 4th (ch).

E H K.—Thanks for your letter. The problem is under examination.

E P V (Glasbury).—The retirement of your problems is noted.

C C (Camden Town).—Mr. Cook's "Synopsis of the Openings," but it is probably out of print.

C B N (As'n).—We are glad to receive and examine problems from any reader. Yours, however, is too simple, and can be solved, in addition to your own way, by 1. P Queens (ch), &c.

W B (Stratford).—Too simple for our readers.

C R B (Dundee).—Always glad to hear from you. The game appears below.

K T (Cork).—Thanks. It shall be examined.

L W (Leeds).—Your problem shall be examined. We cannot reply through the post.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2117 received from F E Gibbins (Tiffin), and Clement; of No. 2118 from John B Entwistle and E L G; of No. 2119 from W W Calder, W E Manby, P Q B E G (Regent's Park College), J Phillips, Hermit, H Stebbing, Oskar Hartmann (Malaga), Congo, K Templar, James Easton, Amateur (Brussels), and E L G; of Henry Kopp's Problem from R H Brooks, L Sharrowood, Ernest Sharrowood, J T W F Ferris, A Chapman, W J Rudman, Julia Short, W Hillier, J Alois Schmucke, A Ory, Joseph Ainsworth, E Casella (Paris), A C Hunt, N S Harris, Clement Fawcett, F Pine Junior, W Biddle, R Ingersoll, John Hodgson (Maidstone), Carl Friedleben, H Lucas, B H C (Salisbury), P Q R L Falcon (Antwerp), J W Kell, S Bulmer, C B N (H.M.S. Asia), L Wyman, F J Brothers (Maidstone), G J Wade, C Oswald, L L Greenwood, C Stuart Doring, L Desanges, W E Manby, F G Parsloe, J K (South Hampstead), A W Scrutton, H T Biscoe (Cambridge), E Featherstone, A Kueberg (Hamburg), J E England, E H, Bernard Green, Junbo, T G (Ware), Irno, J J Critlan, New Forest, Zingo, G S Oldfield, C Darragh, J R (Edinburgh), A W Cooper, Congo, Tweedle-mouse, K Templar, H A L S. William Davis, J E Abt, Hermit, J Hall, S Farrant, Amateur (Brussels), C T Salisbury, F M (Edinburgh), John Cornish, E J Winter Wool, V S Pochin (Market Harborough), E L G, Plevna, A J Wood, and L Vanderhuguen (Brussels).

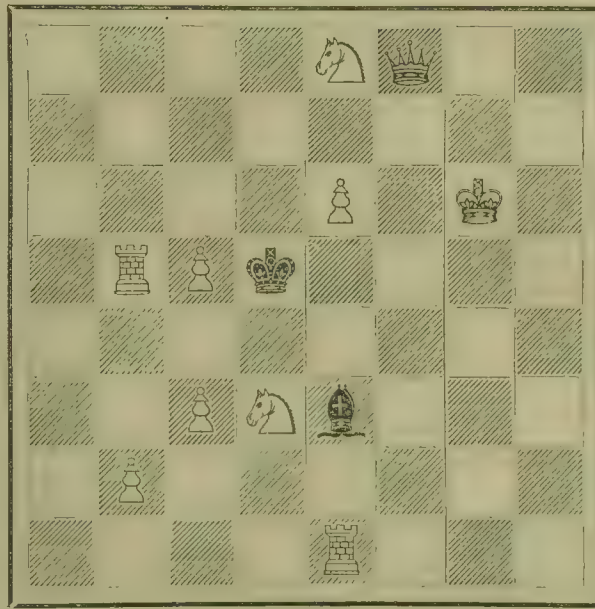
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2119.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Q B 4th. Any move.
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2122.

By J. SARGEANT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

A Skirmish by telephone between Mr. C. R. BAXTER, at Dundee, and a friend at Newport, the other side of the River Tay.
(King's Gambit.)

| | | | |
|---------------------|----------------|--------------------|----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. B.) | BLACK (Mr. W.) | WHITE (Mr. B.) | BLACK (Mr. W.) |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 12. Q takes Q | K takes Q |
| 2. P to K B 4th | P takes P | 13. Castles (K R) | B to B 4th |
| 3. B to Q B 4th | P to Q 4th | 14. Kt to Q 4th | B to K 3rd |
| 4. B takes P | Kt to K B 3rd | 15. R takes P | It to K B 3rd |
| 5. Kt to Q B 3rd | B to Q Kt 5th | 16. R to K sq (ch) | K to Q 3rd |
| 6. Kt to K B 3rd | P to Q B 3rd | 17. Kt to K 6th | |
| 7. B to Q Kt 3rd | B takes Kt | | |
| 8. Kt P takes B | Kt takes P | | |
| 9. Q to K 2nd | Q to K 2nd | | |
| 10. B to Q R 3rd | Q takes B | | |
| 11. Q takes Kt (ch) | Q to K 2nd | | |

The Chess Monthly (James Wade, 18, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden), for the current month is more than usually interesting. Besides the current news of projected matches and matches played, the contents comprise nine games illustrative of practical play, ranging from Warsaw to South Norwood, endings from actual play, and ten problems on diagrams. There is also an interesting letter from Mr. Ascher, of Montreal, pointing out the antiquity of the smothered mate known as "Philidor's Legacy." Mr. Ascher thinks he has made a discovery, but he is mistaken. That the so-called "Philidor's Legacy" was printed and published long before Philidor's time was proved many years ago by Herr Löwenthal in the columns of the Era, when that paper was enlivened by a chess column.

The Athenæum and Kentish Town Clubs met on the 8th inst., eight players a side. The Athenæum proved victorious by six games to two.

We have found a solution to the following problem, but a by no means sure that it is the only one, although, as it is a very neat and clever combination, it is almost certainly the author's. It is by R. Selka, and is noted from the columns of the Palace.

White: K at Q 3rd, Q at Q B sq, B's at Q Kt sq and Q R 3rd, Pawns at K 6th and K R 4th. (Six pieces.)

Black: K at K B 3rd, Kt at K R 7th; Pawns at K R 3rd and 4th, K Kt 5th, and Q Kt 3rd. (Six pieces.)

White to play, and mate in three moves.

A CORNISH FISHING VILLAGE.

There is a pleasant quaintness in the very names of many places in Cornwall; their sound, to an English ear, is exotic, but homely nevertheless, like that of a foreign bird imported and domiciled in the cage hanging at our neighbour's window in this street. It may possibly be suggested that this similitude has come to our mind from the image of "Poll Parrot," which naturally arises upon hearing the name of a certain seacoast village halfway between East Looe and Povey. We are not conscious, however, of having given way to any such mental association. The derivation of "Polperro" is furnished by Mr. Walter Tregallas, in Stanford's Tourist's Guide to Cornwall, upon grounds of purely Celtic etymology; it seems to have nothing to do with the "Pol, Tre, and Pen," by which, according to the proverb, "you know Cornish men"; but the "Pol," in this instance, is a variation of "Porth," and the whole name is a corruption of "Porth-pyre," which means the port or harbour of sand. There is a volume entitled the "History of Polperro," written by the late Mr. Couch, who no doubt was adequately impressed with the importance of his subject. We have also some vague recollection of a story or romance, in which the Polperro smugglers of a by-gone age, who built houses with double walls to hide their contraband wares in the intervening cavity, played a cunning and venturesome part. These books, however, not being just now at hand, any more than the "History of St. Juliot," which Mr. Francillon must have consulted for the authentic details of his interesting tale, "Ropes of Sand," we are content to give our readers so much as we learn from the "Guide to Cornwall and the Scilly Isles." Polperro, therefore, will be understood to be a harbour for fishing-boats, with a good deal of sand, and with cliffs which contain a variety of fossils interesting to the geologist and the student of paleontological natural history. It is situated in that sheltered part of the soft south coast, between Whitesand Bay and the Bay of Mowagissey, which enjoys the mildest climate, so that, we are informed by the enthusiastic local naturalist, "here the crocus and snowdrop are seen before they have pierced the snows of Parma." The village has a picturesque location "in a rocky dell, down which a turbulent mountain stream splashes," thereby resembling a Devonshire village called Beer, near Seaton, likewise famous as a stronghold of the bold British smuggler in the good old times. There may have been shipwrecks on this part of the coast, especially with a violent easterly gale driving small vessels down the Channel; but we cannot vouch for the fact that it was here that the French smack, with Jean Pichot and his disguised female pursuer on board, in Mr. John Lathey's thrilling story of "Love Clouds," was dashed upon the rocks; there is reason to believe that the life-boat, with its heroic crew headed by the valiant old "Squire," hailed from a place much further west. Polperro has a really convenient harbour, which will accommodate vessels of fifteen hundred tons, and which has been improved by the construction of the pier, rather more than twenty years ago. Our Artist's Sketches represent the quay, the pier, the fish-market, the bridge and houses overhanging the stream, and part of the shore, with the neighbouring cliffs; a few of the boats, employed chiefly in the pilchard fishery, are shown lying in the harbour, or coming in from the outer bay.

COLLECTING SALMON OVA.

Fish culture is carried on by two distinct series of operations. First, it consists in allowing the fish to have their own way, assisting them over weirs, through mills and other obstructions, and preserving them against poachers by the vigilance of water-bailiffs, while they are making their nests in the small tributaries of the main streams. But, secondly, fish may be cultivated artificially—that is to say, their eggs may be taken from them and hatched in troughs in running water, as at the Royal Horticultural Gardens, South Kensington. The latter method enables us to transport large numbers of salmonidae, packed in the form of vivified eggs, to Australia and other countries. The salmon and trout carry on an average 1000 eggs to the pound weight. The business of getting the eggs is a very difficult task. In the first place, the fish must be caught. They lay their eggs in the depth of winter, when the water is very cold. The egg collector, before going out in the morning, anoints himself from head to foot with scented hair-oil; this keeps out the cold. He begins operations as soon in the morning as it is possible to get his men together. Having ascertained where is the best spawning bed in the river, he walks quietly to it; and then, getting close to the bank, goes on his hands and knees, and peeps over to see what is going on; or one of his attendants gets into a tree, where the fish will not see him, for they are artful and shy, and if they heard or saw him would be off in a second. If there are a good number of fish at work, he signals to his companions, one of whom at least must be at the opposite side of the stream, to throw a rope across, and then drags the net over to his side. The first net is drawn across the stream, below the fish, and fixed there. The second is hauled across the stream above the fish. When this is done he takes a running jump right into the middle of the river, all among the spawning fish. They fly in all directions, and half of them are in the net before they are aware that anything is wrong. When a lot are caught, he puts them into a net, made with three hoops of cane; the net is fastened round these like a bag, and its mouth is drawn up and secured with a strong cord. By these means he can keep them in the water for any length of time. Salmon are a much more delicate fish than the trout to keep alive. They are sometimes "tethered," if he wants to keep them for any time, by passing a piece of thick but soft string through one of the gills and tying it loosely, so as not to interfere with the breathing; then, finding a secure place in the river, he slips the fish in, and ties the other end of the string to a bough. They will stay quiet all night, and are easily caught in the morning.

A Parliamentary paper has been published relating to the defences of colonial possessions and garrisons. Sir Arthur Hayter, Financial Secretary to the War Office, writes to the Secretary to the Treasury, on the 1st inst., forwarding statements showing the proportion of the expenditure to be borne by the Imperial Colonial Fund for each year for the works to be carried out in accordance with the report of the Royal Commission on the subject, and pointing out that the cost of the works will be £463,175, and of the armaments £416,250; also pointing out that "at the time the earlier (Parliamentary) estimate was framed, it was intended to provide wrought-iron guns, as possessing sufficient power for the work they would be likely to be called upon to perform. The armaments of these forts, however, are required to resist the present power of foreign ships which may attack them; and consequently must be of a more formidable nature than was at first contemplated; therefore some of the guns have been chosen from the latest pattern of breech-loading ordnance, which has greatly increased the cost." In conclusion, Sir Arthur Hayter urges that the manufacture of the guns and mountings should be carried on with all speed.

Sir James M'Garel Hogg was yesterday week re-elected chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works for the fifteenth time.—The Board adopted a recommendation from the Works Committee that an application be made to Parliament for power to construct two steam-ferris across the river at Woolwich and Greenwich, at a probable cost of £350,000.

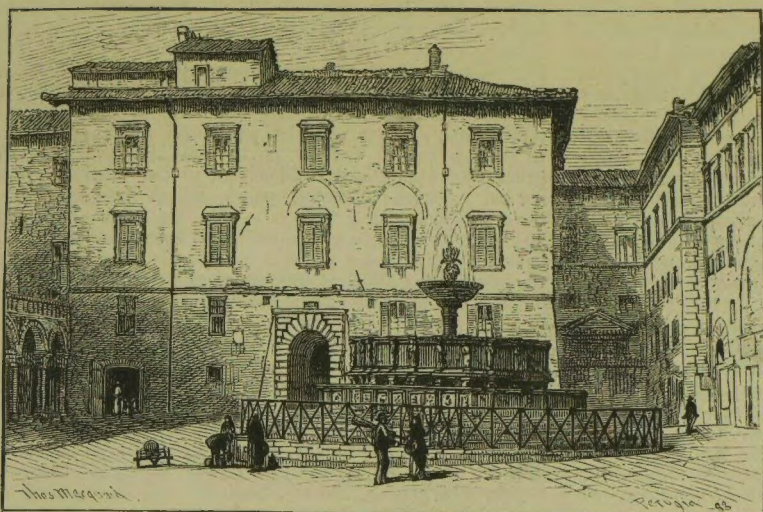


THE STORY OF AN OLD MAN'S LIFE.

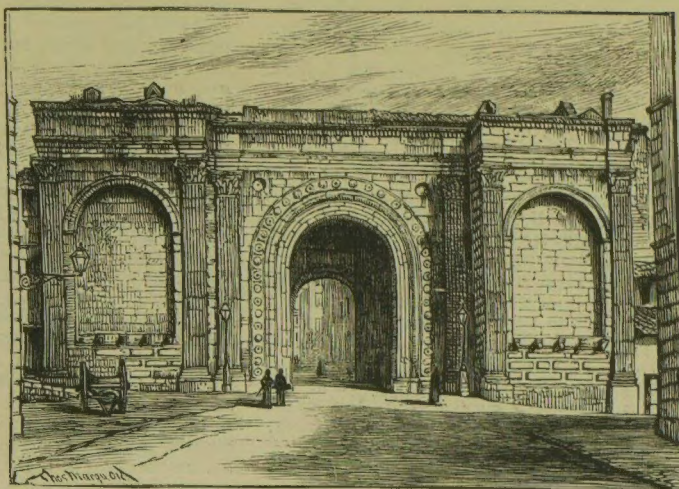
Seventy years of age, resting awhile in the calm harbour of domestic retirement, after a long voyage from shore to shore around the world of human experience, which seems vast to the romantic imagination of youth, but small and narrow in the retrospect of actual attainment, where its observations and incidents, after middle life, have a sobering sameness of character, the Old Man is now thinking over the Past. His darling grandchild, a little girl in the sweet early blossom of infant womanhood, hangs fondly in his protecting embrace, lifted to the drawing-room table, that she may look with him at the portrait of himself as he was some thirty years ago, which she is told was not long before her papa and mamma were born. But how much there

is which he cannot tell her, and which she could not understand! The trials and cares, the failings and the errors, which have beset the honourable course of the truest and best of men, are such as she, even when her own life shall have passed maturity, will never be able to realise. The world of masculine ambition, struggle, desire, and adventure has its own history, which remains a sealed book, after all, to the wisest of her sex. And she is but a simple, ignorant, trustful, loving child. Yet there is a manly, noble, venerable simplicity of heart, which abides not with ignorance of evil, but with innocence and integrity of purpose, and with the trust and love which virtuous old age has learnt to cherish as the Divine passport from Earth to Heaven. In this spirit,

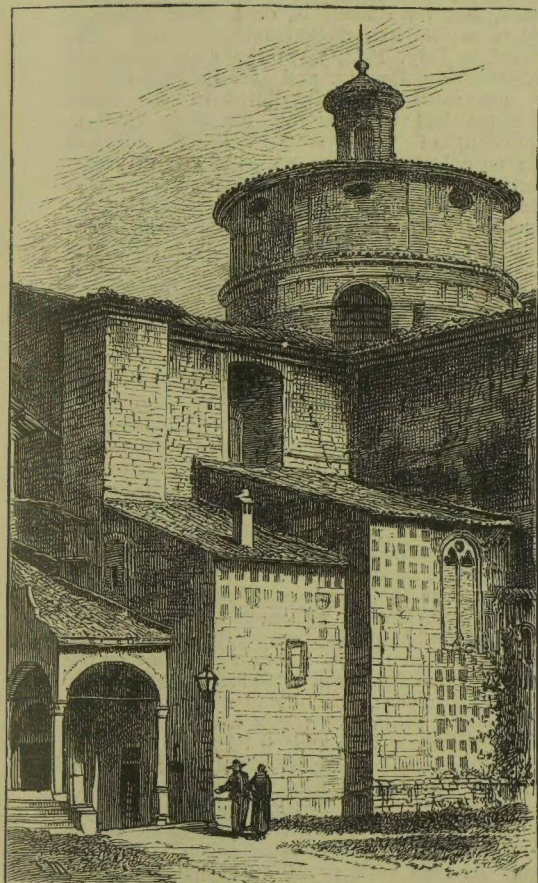
frank and fearless, with a conscience purged of the bitterness of self-reproach by the medicine of humility and piety, the veteran man of the world can take the little maiden for his confidante, and utter some part of the purest feelings he has ever experienced; the wishes for good disappointed as much by his own weakness as by circumstance and fortune, the gratitude he still owes for good that he scarcely deserved, and the sense of increasing obligation to consult the good of others. She is not too young for understanding and sympathy; and his earnestness so commands her wondering reverence, that she will not interrupt his confession of wasted opportunities with a flattering assurance that she knows he was always the best man in the world. All she knows is that she loves him



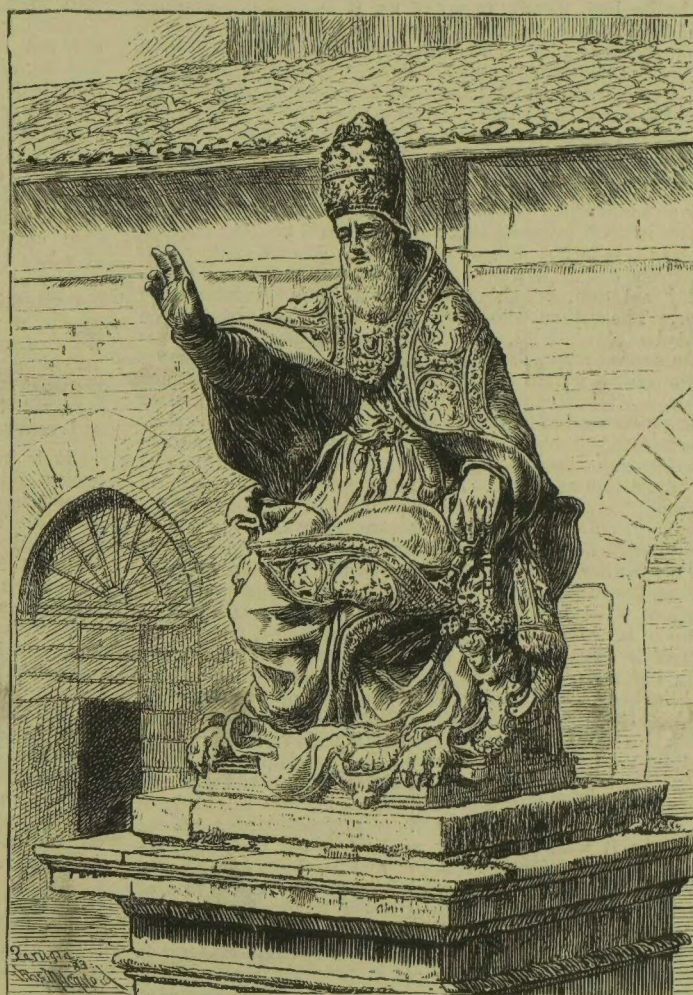
THE GREAT FOUNTAIN.



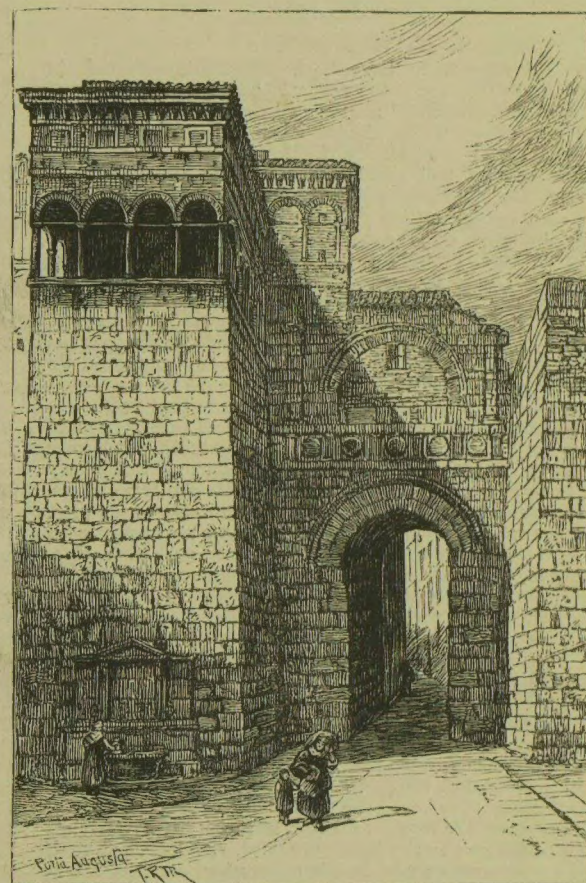
PORTA ROMANA.



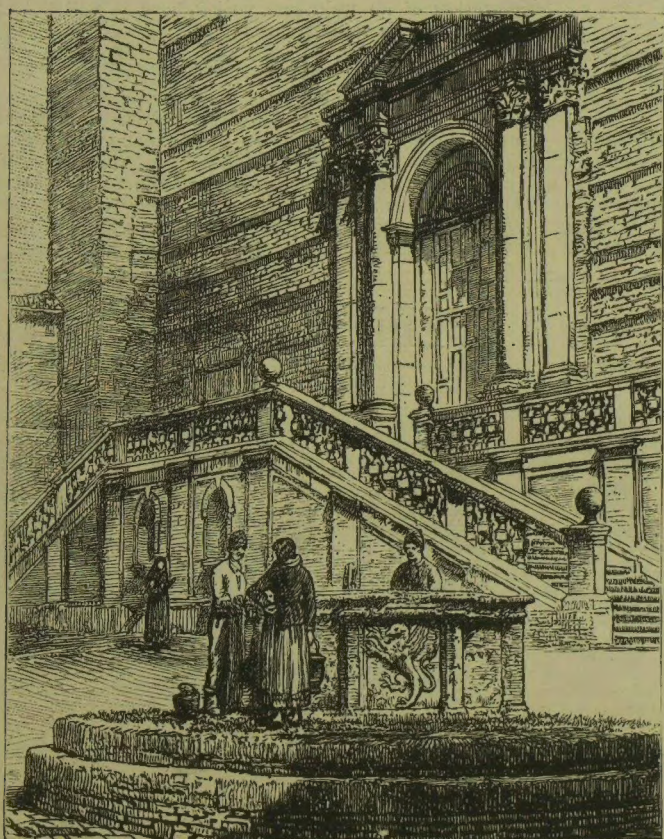
CHURCH OF SAN FRANCESCO.



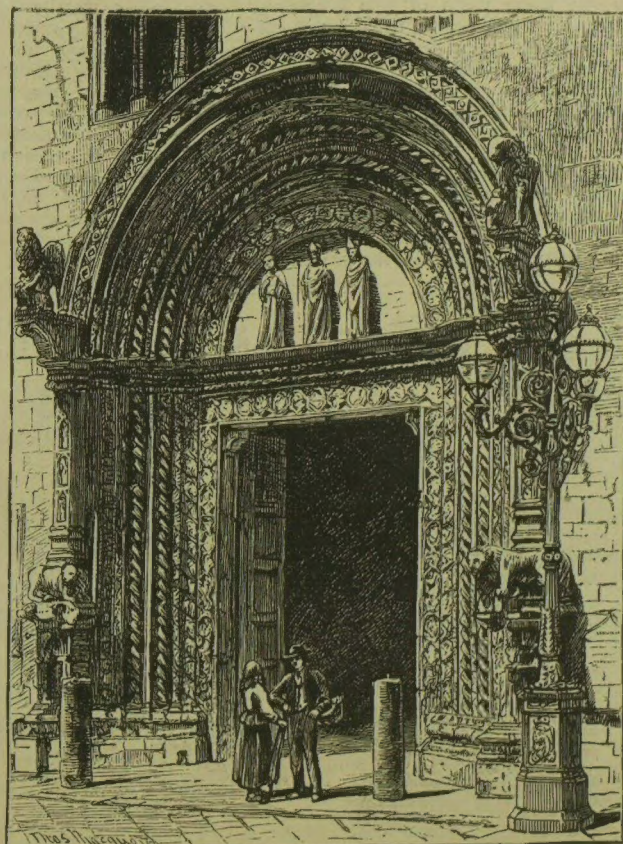
MONUMENT OF POPE JULIUS III.



PORTA AUGUSTA.



SAN DOMENICO.



DOORWAY OF THE PALAZZO COMUNALE.

dearly and trusts him entirely, and this he certainly deserves; and it may be that this is the best consolation to him in the present world. Other things he may tell her, but without a touch of pride or vanity, of the outward performances, successful in their day, perhaps, and rewarded by social preferment, which he was once enabled to accomplish. Sir Henry is a Grand Cross of the Bath; he is a Lieutenant-General, who has led the Queen's armies to victory on the plains of India, and has stormed the ramparts of Russian forts at Sebastopol; but, here at home, with little Mary at his side, he would shrink from killing a fly. If he ever speaks of a battle, he describes it as no scene of carnage, but as the stern self-sacrifice of brave and faithful men on each side, in the mutual proof of duty and devotion. He can tell her, also, of his Governorship in a far country of black people and brown people; of their habits and manners, their dress of leaves and feathers, their huts of straw, the condition of their wives and children, and the foolish idols of their heathen superstition; he can describe the lion and the tiger as he has seen them in the jungle; the herd of antelopes or giraffes, the flock of ostriches or flamingoes, that scud across the African desert; and the splendid green-and-crimson birds in the tropical forest of Java. Grand sights also in the cities of Europe, and in the saloons of Imperial palaces, festivities and ceremonial pageants of superb magnificence, and the banquets of Kings and Queens and Princes, he has witnessed as one of a Special Ambassador's Staff; but little Mary is still better pleased to hear of grandpapa's reception by our own Queen, who looked so kind and spoke to him so gently when she pinned the red ribbon to the breast of his coat. These stories, with a hundred others equally interesting, and with a few confidential anecdotes of her own mamma's childhood never heard before—since Mary's grandmamma was gone to heaven before Mary was born—fill up the happy hours of private converse between the old man and his favourite grandchild.

NEW BOOKS.

Readers old enough to have been powerfully affected, in their youth, by "Sartor Resartus," "The French Revolution," and "Past and Present," may have lived through phases of mental experience which caused them in some measure to discard an early discipleship to the "Sage of Chelsea." But they cannot feel quite indifferent to the harsh exposure of his domestic relations and of distressing personal complaints, which biographical indiscretion has recently inflicted on the world. Mr. J. A. Froude has now, to be sure, brought to an end the stern performance of his painful task by the publication of two more volumes, *Thomas Carlyle: A History of his Life in London, 1834 to 1881* (Longmans and Co.). His literary skill would render any ordinary subject attractive and agreeable, if our sympathies were not deeply wounded by injury done to the regard we should desire to cherish for persons whose names are associated with the objects of much literary adoration in past years. It is neither gratifying nor edifying to be forced to contemplate the fact that Carlyle was a very uncomfortable, sometimes unreasonable, man; often petulant, peevish, and ferociously unjust to those who did not fall in with his arbitrary views. We prefer to make no remark on the unhappiness of his wife, because the relations of a married couple who never separated from each other, and in whose conduct, on either side, nothing ever occurred in any way approaching to a breach of external propriety, ought not to have been thrust on public notice. Mr. Froude was certainly not obliged to print Mrs. Carlyle's letters; and, though he says it was done in pursuance of her husband's wish, most people will think Mr. Carlyle himself had no right to allow them to be printed. That has unfortunately been done; and the sympathy already felt for that interesting woman may partly reconcile her friends to a very gross abuse of the confidence of domestic life. These relations again occupy too much space in the present volumes of the biography, but we decline to comment upon them, and feel rather ashamed to have been told so much about them. All that it concerns the world to know is the state of Carlyle's mind with reference to the topics of moral, religious, political, and literary interest current in his generation, and his intercourse with the public men of his day, besides whatever merely personal experiences may have aided to form his character. If Mr. Froude had given us this information in a single volume, in a precise and accurate statement, with verifying extracts from private letters and anecdotes of Carlyle's familiar talk, the public would have gained considerable advantage, and no mischief would have been done to the reputations of the dead, or to the affections of the living. There are, however, many parts of this biography which are really acceptable and instructive, though not calculated to throw much new light upon the fitful course of Carlyle's sentiments and opinions during his long career of authorship. Every reader who thoughtfully studied, at the time, his earlier as well as his later writings, must be aware of the essential inconsistency of Carlyle's teachings; he began as a worshipper of Goethe, and he cultivated, in turn, the ethical doctrine of Fichte, the humourist and romanticist vein of Jean Paul Richter, the deification of wild popular fury and democratic power in the French Revolution, the admiration of Cromwell's Puritan dictatorship, and, finally, that of a Prussian military ruler who shut up the nation in a

barrack. Which of these various ideals of human excellence, not to mention his other discursive flights of "Hero-worship," were the docile English youth of the nineteenth century to preserve and imitate? The reports of his private conversation, and selected passages of his correspondence, would be valuable to many of his former pupils if they helped to explain such amazing contradictions of aim and spirit. But they give no such assistance; we do not learn, for example, whether Carlyle at the age of fifty, or at the age of seventy, did or did not continue to esteem Goethe the best and wisest of mankind; or whether he still relished the humour and the exuberant fancy of Jean Paul; or whether he considered Mirabeau and Danton, after all, or Cromwell, or John Knox, or Frederick the Great, the true type of a Heaven-born ruler. Carlyle's successive literary and historical predilections, expressed in language of more excessive vehemence than was ever used by any other English writer, astonished, fascinated, but at length bewildered and fatigued his thousands of wondering readers; but seem to have given no sign of their existence in his personal behaviour, or in his intimate communications to the people he lived with. What he was as a man among them, how he talked to them and of them, and how he used to write of himself in his diary and in his letters to his wife, those who care to know may learn from this biography. He had some great virtues, as nobody will deny, along with great gifts of genius; his unwavering integrity in social life, his filial affection, his generosity to persons in need, his strict fidelity to his engagements, are shown in many commendable actions here related. We will only borrow his own language to speak of his faults. "I do suspect," he once wrote, "I am a very unthankful, ill-conditioned, bilious, wayward, and heartworn son of Adam." He also said of himself, that he had "the temper of a rat-trap," and we do not want to say more of him. As for what he had, finally, to say of us, it is amusing to quote one of the latest recorded deliverances, as Mr. Froude gives it, of his "spiritual bile." This was the Chelsea philosopher's judgment of his country and his age: "Torpid, gluttonous, sooty, swollen, and squalid England is grown a phenomenon which fills me with disgust. What a base, pot-bellied block-head this our nation has become! sunk in its own dirty fat and offal, and of a stupidity defying the very gods." England is much obliged to the late Mr. Carlyle.

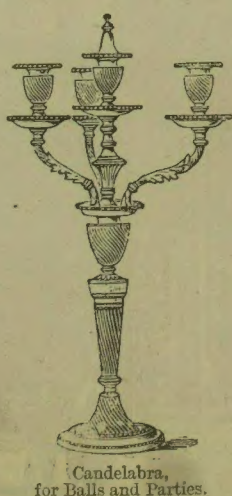
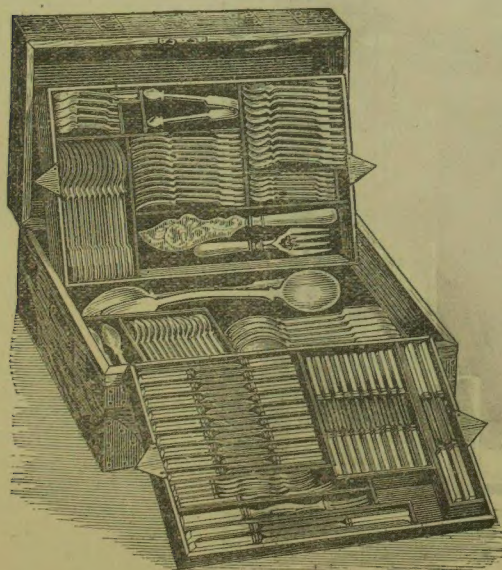
The autobiography of a literary man, in the majority of cases, bears an interest proportioned to the general abiding value of his works. It is not altogether so with *Edmund Yates: His Recollections and Experiences*; two volumes, published by R. Bentley and Son, which really do contain much interesting matter. The author, who was born in 1831, has always been regarded as clever, bold, lively, bustling, and amusing; he has written several readable novels; but his conspicuous success as a journalist, within the last ten years, has coincided with the introduction, in a certain class of papers, of topics and of a style which would formerly have been less approved. Readers who have not yet acquired the taste for that sort of journalism may safely enjoy with us the earlier portion of Mr. Edmund Yates's personal narrative. His first chapter, "Parentage and Childhood," gives some charming pictures of the home of his infancy, adjoining the Adelphi Theatre, of which his father, Mr. Frederick Henry Yates, was manager and leading actor; while his mother (born Elizabeth Brunton), a woman of great talent and beauty, was the favourite actress. The unaffected warmth of filial love that inspires all Mr. Edmund Yates's account of his parents is very engaging; pleasant, too, are his vivid recollections, as a bred and born Londoner, though not yet an old man, of various places, customs, fashions, and trivial incidents which have been changed or have become obsolete. He was educated at the Highgate Grammar School, and at Düsseldorf; his mother, left a widow, then resided in Alpha-road, St. John's-wood. The family had influential connections and acquaintance; and but for the death of Mr. Frederick Yates, in 1842, his son might have been launched advantageously in a professional or official career. As it was, he became a clerk in the General Post Office, like Mr. Anthony Trollope; and he has something to tell of the inner life of that establishment under the rule of Colonel Maberly, and subsequently of Sir Rowland Hill. But Anthony Trollope has described it infinitely better, and it was never a subject of much importance to the public. So long as the business of Government offices is properly done, nobody outside-cares-particularly for the recreations of Government clerks. Mr. Edmund Yates had the same experiences of taverns and chop-houses, in the City, Fleet-street, and the Strand, as many other young men of his time; also of the Holborn Casino, Evans's, the Cider Cellar, and Cremorne. His remarks upon "the Drama in those days, 1847 to 1852," are better worthy of notice, though London playgoers of equal standing already know what he has to relate. Without giving up his Post Office employment, in which he was duly promoted, he began some thirty years ago to write for newspapers and magazines, joined the Fielding Club, cultivated the society of literary men, and was soon engaged as theatrical critic for the *Daily News*. Various subsequent connections with the London periodical press, daily and weekly, are described with rather unnecessary particularity. In those days, at least, the members of the regular staff of leading journals were not ambitious of personal notoriety; and some of them might still be content that Mr. Yates should have forgotten their names. The *Temple Bar* magazine,

started by Mr. Maxwell, in December, 1860, gave more scope to his genuine talent, and brought him, as editorial assistant, into close working alliance with many successful writers. He had before enjoyed the private friendship of Dickens, who was, indeed, a cordial friend of his parents; and he had belonged to the Garrick Club, where an unfortunate quarrel with Thackeray, in 1858, caused the removal of Mr. Yates from that society. Enough was said about it at the time; both gentlemen, in their offended pride and mutual anger, seemed to play a rather foolish part; but Mr. Yates could have gracefully apologised to his elder, to one vastly his superior, for an injurious personal attack which he repented after the hasty writing of it. We do not believe there was ever any feeling of jealousy between Thackeray and Dickens. Mr. Yates devotes a separate chapter to his own recollections of Dickens, giving many characteristic anecdotes; but the mental portrait was already complete. "To me," says Mr. Yates, "he was the most charming of companions, the kindest of friends." Of the deplorable estrangement which is too well known to have disturbed the great novelist's domestic life, Mr. Yates speaks with delicacy and discretion. Among those collectively enumerated by him as "People I have known," in his next chapter, are Sir Alexander Cockburn, Mr. Abraham Hayward, John Forster, Shirley Brooks, Tom Taylor, Charles Reade, Mortimer Collins, John Leech, Buckstone, Keeley, Sothorn, Mathews, and several now living. The chapter on his "Later Days at the Post Office," from which he retired with a pension in 1872 presents some features of interest with regard to the organisation of the Missing Letter Branch and of the Telegraph Department. Anecdotes of the superior officials, Sir Rowland Hill, Mr. Tilley, and Mr. Frank Seadamore, and of Anthony Trollope, are to be met with here. It is curious to be told that Anthony Trollope had no sense of humour; perhaps Thackeray had none? The fact is that Anthony Trollope did not like "society journalism," and we are quite sure Thackeray would not have liked it, or Dickens either, if they had lived to see its importation into England. The *World* was started in July, 1874, upon the suggestion and design of Mr. Grenville Murray, and Mr. Labouchere was one of those associated with Mr. Yates in the smart writing. Mr. Yates had been acting for some time as special correspondent of the *New York Herald*, and had visited America on a lecturing tour, which were very profitable engagements. Whether it has not been somewhat of a loss to the more elaborate forms of literature, that the author of "Broken to Harness," and of other novels, turned his attention to a new style of producing "the light and gossipy news of the day," it is perhaps too late to consider. He professes entire satisfaction with the present direction of his industry upon which no opinion shall here be pronounced. These "Recollections and Experiences," in any case, will be reckoned not the least acceptable part of a clever and versatile writer's performances in a busy London life.

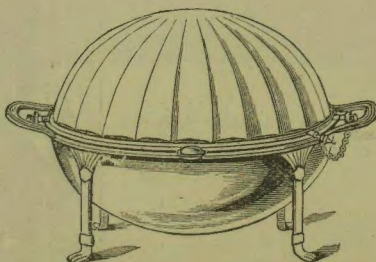
It is impossible in a short notice to take the measure of a book which, like Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton's *Human Intercourse* (Macmillan and Co.), looks at life under a variety of aspects. The volume consists of twenty-six essays, and is dedicated to the memory of Emerson. An accomplished writer of Mr. Hamerton's practice and culture must always have much to say which will interest intelligent readers, and, even when verging on the familiar and commonplace, he will do so with the acceptable art of the litterateur. As an essayist, he is wanting, perhaps, in incisiveness and humour; and that indescribable charm of style which allures us again and again to some familiar pages is not evident here. But it is needless to say that Mr. Hamerton always writes well; that on the subjects with which he is most familiar his matter is weighty; that his opinions are unconventional and usually command respect if they do not win assent. His long residence in France, and his acquaintance with French life, give the writer an advantage over the home-keeping essayist. In his remarks on abstract topics the reader will not always care to follow Mr. Hamerton's guidance; but in writing of what he has seen or knows from personal experience, he is both instructive and suggestive. The essay on "Patriotic Ignorance" may be read with profit on both sides of the Channel, and "The Obstacle of Language" is another significant topic. "In general," we are told, "the knowledge of English attained by French people is so poor and insufficient as to be almost useless." It may be added, that an Englishman's knowledge of French rarely extends to the niceties of the language. The author's proposal that modern Greek (of all tongues!) should be recognised as the medium between civilised nations, must be regarded as the crotchets of a clever writer. The book is one that would make the reputation of an unknown writer, and it will not diminish Mr. Hamerton's well-earned fame.

The eighth annual show of fancy and homing pigeons was held last week, under the auspices of the Columbarian Society, in the Duke of Wellington's Riding-School, Knightsbridge. The exhibition was, on the whole, a very successful one. Nearly 500 birds were ranged round the walls and upon cross benches, in a manner which enabled them to be examined with ease and comfort. The pigeons were, one and all, pronounced by the judges to be in exceptionally good condition.

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Four peeps of river scenery, decorated at side with wild flowers. Size, 4½ by 3½. The set of four, 9d.
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With rich autumn tints, arranged with white panel and motto. Size, 5½ by 4. The set of four, 1s.
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Designs of rich red and brown leaves. Size, 5½ by 3½. The set of four, 9d.
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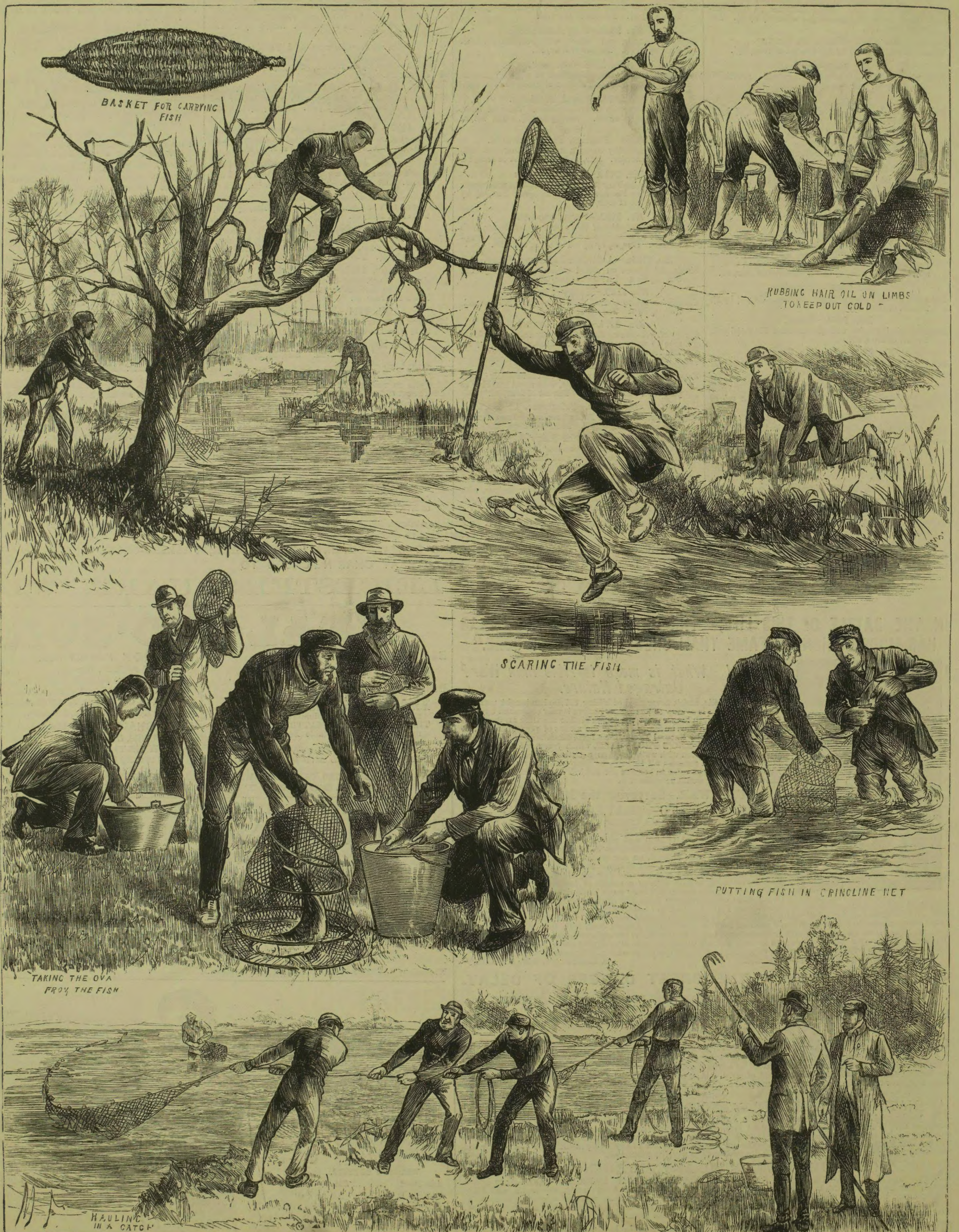
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